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The Old Cottage Clock.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and the neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered!
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling!
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew cold;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are dashed on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

THE CROSS ON THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

A SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER VII.

There was again a footstep on the snow mountains, and Ulva once more poured out her passionate soul at the feet of the strange priestess of the Norrir.

"The darkness gathers," she cried. "Odin has turned away his face from the land. Accursed be the victory that brought the Christian captive to our shores. My lord turned his foot aside; he would not crush the worm, and lo, it is growing into a serpent, whose venomous folds will fill the land. Already our warriors listen to the Christian priest, with his wily tongue. Already the worshippers desert Odin's fane, while the poor, the helpless, the weak, women and children, lift up their hands to another God than the great ruler of Asgard. And Jarl Olof heeds not though his people cast scorn on the faith of his fathers. Svenska, thou wisest one, who hears the voice of the Norrir, inquire what may be the end of this terrible change that is coming over the land!"

Svenska answered not, but pointed silently to the place where the three rocks stood. Ulva remained at a distance, while the priestess performed her strange rites. The sound of her clear, still voice came borne on the air, rising at times into a cry, more like that of a soul in despair than a woman's tone. It seemed to pierce the heart of the Norsewoman. She grovelled on the earth, burying her head among the snows.

"My Svenska! my beloved—my soul's child," she moaned, "oh, that I could take thee to this heart, and feel thine own answer to it with human throbs. But I dare not—the pure soul would scorn the impure. Great Odin, if the sin was great, how heavy is the punishment!"

When after a time she lifted up her head, Svenska stood before her.

"Have the Norrir spoken?" asked Ulva, scarcely daring to look upon the face of the Daughter of the Snows.

"They utter no voice; but I feel them in my soul," said Svenska. "It is a terrible call; yet I must answer. Listen! The last of the race of Hialmar must not bring shame on his fathers. If Jarl Olof be left to yield to the persuasions of a woman, and the guile of a priest, the faith of Odin will vanish from the land."

"And how, O Svenska, can we away the son of Hialmar that this evil may not come?"

The face of the young priestess was strange-

ly convulsed; and when, after a while she spoke, her voice was like an icy whisper.

"I told thee once that there were two ruling spirits in man—ambition and love. With Olof, one has fallen powerless—the other yet remains. The spell of human passion must stand between the Jarl and his doom—the doom of those who despise the might of Odin."

A wild light shone in Ulva's fierce eyes.

"Would that it might be so—that a northern maid might tread under foot the dark-browed Hermolin, torture her, soul and body until she died, unloved, unpitied. But our pure maidens cast not their eyes on another woman's lord, and who is there to win Olof from Hermolin?"

"I!"

Ulva uttered a cry, almost of agony. "Thou, my beautiful—my pure one—white-souled as the snows that name thee—thou to stoop to earth's sin—to be made the sacrifice," she muttered hoarsely.

It seemed as though a fallen spirit had entered that marble statue, and animated its pale beauty with a power new and terrible to behold. Svenska lifted her arms upwards, and cried with a wild vehemence—

"Dread Norrir, I feel around me the threads ye weave; they draw my feet onward, and whither they lead I go. Never shall the worship of Odin fall before that of the Christian's God. I devote myself to shame—to sin which the sacrifice makes holy—that the dwellers in Asgard may still look down upon the land, and the children of the north may not turn aside from the faith of their fathers."

Ulva sank at Svenska's feet, folded them in her arms, and kissed them passionately. Then she rose up and followed the steps of the priestess in silence. Only as they passed the three rock statues her agony burst forth in a low moaning—

"Terrible Norrir, sin-forgivers, to whom, as atonement, I devoted this child, ye have made the precious gift an arrow to pierce my soul!"

The Jarl Olof came home from a bear hunt, carrying with him a strange prize. He had found in the snows a maiden, white and pale, and almost lifeless, yet of unearthly beauty. Gradually the soul awakened in that lovely form, and looked at Odin from out the heavenly eyes. His own answered to it with a vague pleasure, and sweet in his ear sounded the voice which uttered musically the accents of the Norse tongue. The young Jarl himself bore the weak and fainting form for many weary leagues, until he brought the beautiful desolate one to the presence of his wife, and laid her in Hermolin's chamber.

Hermolin bent over her in pity and amazement. She, too, was penetrated to the very soul with that dazzling and wondrous beauty—so spiritual, and yet so human—so divine, and yet so womanly. The Jarl's wife twined her fingers among the pale auburn tresses with almost childlike admiration, and gazed wistfully on the white, round arms and graceful throat beneath whose marble purity a faint rose-hue began to steal, while the life-current again wandered through the blue delicate veins.

"Olof how beautiful she is! like one of the angels, which I used to see in my childish dreams. How happy it must be to know one's self so fair." And a light sigh thrilled Hermolin's bosom.

Olof did not answer; his eyes, too—nay, his whole soul, drank in the beauty of which Hermolin spoke. The wife saw it, and again she sighed.

Far behind the group stood one who he beheld the gaze, and heard the sigh, and Ulva's heart throbbled with fierce exultation, for she saw from afar the rising of that little cloud.

Months passed away, and still the stranger maiden cast the magic of her superhuman beauty over the halls of the Viking. Asluga, when she came forth from the harp, like a spirit of light, or when she stood before Ragnar Lodbrok, enchaining the wild seaking with the spells of a lovely soul in a lovely form—Asluga herself was not more omnipotent in power than was the strange daughter of the snows. And day by day, over Sven-

ska's beauty there crept a new charm—a softness and all-subduing womanliness, that endowed with life and warmth the once passionless form. The spell thrilled through Olof's whole nature, and his soul bent like a reed before the storm of wild emotions that swept over him.

Oh, thou pure angel, who wepest all alone—on whom has faded the light of that dearest smile—who seest each day the love wane, though an innate nobleness still makes duty keep its place in the heart where it was thy heaven to rest! Hermolin! will thy love fail now?—will it sink in the trial, or will it forget itself and its own wrongs, and watch over the sinner with tenderness and prayers, until it bring him back in forgiveness, repentance, and peace.

Listen how that faithful, patient heart answers the bitterness which the stern monk pours out against the erring one who is tempted to betray such love.

"My father," said Hermolin, when Ansgarius would fain have dealt out reproaches and threatenings against her husband—"My father, condemn him not yet. It is a bitter struggle; he is tempted sore. How sweet her smile is!—how glorious her beauty!—while I, alas! alas!—I have only love to give him. And then she is from his own North, and she speaks to him of his fathers, and her wild nature governs him. Oh, my Olof! that I could be all this—that I could make myself more like thee—more worthy to win thy love."

And when the inflexible spirit of Ansgarius, in justly condemning the sin, shut out all compassion for the sinner, Hermolin only wept.

"Oh, father, have pity on him—on me. He did love me once—he will love me yet. I will be patient; and love is strong to bear—so omnipotent in prayers; Heaven will keep him from sin, and I shall win him back. Olof, my Olof! God will not let me die, until thou lovest me as I have loved, as I do love thee—my soul's soul!—my life's blessing!"

And ere the words were well uttered, an angel carried them to heaven, and then cast them down again, like an echo, upon the spirit of him who had won such love. The invisible influence fell upon him, even though he stood alone with Svenska, overwhelmed with the delirium of her presence.

She had enchained his soul; she had drawn from his lips the avowal of wild and sinful passion; she had strengthened her power over him, by bringing into the earthly bond all the influences of their ancient faith, to which she had won him back; and now, her end gained, Svenska quailed before the tempest she had raised.

What power was it which had changed the priestess, who once cast her arms to heaven with that terrible vow, into the trembling woman who dared not look on Olof's face; and who, even in her triumphant joy, shrank before the wild energy of his words.

He promised her that her heart's desire should be accomplished—that no Christian prayer should be heard in Odin's land—that the monk and his proselytes should be swept from the face of the earth.

Why was it, Svenska, that even then, when the flash of triumph had passed from thine eyes, they sank towards earth, and thy pale lips quivered like a weak girl's.

"There is one thing more, Olof, and then I give thee my love," she said. "The shadow is passing, and Odin's smile will again brighten on our shores; but the land is still defiled—blood only can make it pure; there must be a sacrifice."

Her voice rose, her stature dilated, and Svenska was again the inspired of the Norrir. As Olof beheld her, even his bold spirit quailed beneath the terrible strength of hers. "There must be a sacrifice," she repeated in yet more vehement tones. "In the dark night a voice haunts me, and the words are never the same; when I look on the snow-mountains, I see there traces of blood, which never pass away. Odin demands the offering, and will be appeased. Olof! I am thine when thou hast given up the victim!"

"Who?" murmured Olof, instinctively

drooping his face beneath the glare of those terrible eyes.

She stooped to him; her soft breath swept his cheek; her fair serpent lips approached his ear; they uttered one name—"Hermolin!"

He sprang from her side with a shuddering cry. One moment he covered his eyes, as though to shut out some horrible sight, and then the tempted stood face to face with the tempter. The veil had fallen; he beheld in her now, not the beautiful beguiler, but the ghastly impersonation of the meditated sin. It stood revealed, the crime in all its black deformity; it hissed at him in that perfumed breath; it scorched him in the lightning of those lustrous eyes. Horror-stricken and dumb, he gazed, until at last his lips formed themselves into the echo of that one word—"Hermolin!"

It fell like a sunburst upon his clouded spirit, and rifling through that blackest darkness, Olof beheld the light. He sprang toward it; for there was yet a beauty and a nobleness in the young Northman's soul—how else could Hermolin have loved him? Through the silent hall rang that name, bursting from the husband's lips and heart; first as a murderer, then as a wild yearning cry, "Hermolin! Hermolin!"

Surely it was an angel who bore that call to the wife's ear, who guided her feet all unwittingly to where her beloved wrestled with that deadly sin. Lo! as it were in answer to his voice, Hermolin stood at the entrance of the hall. Olof glanced at Svenska; her gleaming eyes, her writhing lips, and her beauty, seemed changed to the likeness of a fiend. And there, soft-smiling on him, with the meek loving face of old, leaned Hermolin, her arms stretched out, as if to welcome him, in forgiveness and peace, to the shelter of that pure breast.

He fled there. There was a cry, such as rarely bursts from man's lips. "Hermolin, Hermolin, save me!" and the proud one knelt at her feet, hiding his face in her garments, pressing her pure hands upon his eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the lure which so nearly led him on to a fearful sin.

Hermolin asked nought, said nought, but she folded her arms round his neck; she knelt beside him and drew his head to her bosom, as a mother would a beloved and repentant child. Then she whispered softly, "Olof, my Olof, come!" and led him away, his hand still clinging for safety and guidance to that faithful one of hers; and his eyes never daring to turn away from that face, which looked on him like an angel's from out of heaven, full of love so holy, so complete, that pardon itself had no place there.

Svenska stood beholding them, and still and fixed as stone, until Olof's form passed from her sight; then she fell to the earth without a cry or a sound.

Ulva's breast was soon a pillow, Ulva, who haunted her steps like a shadow. No mother's fondness could have poured out more passionate words over the insensible form; but when the shadow of seeming death left the beautiful face, her manner became again that of a distant and reverent tenderness.

"Priestess of the Norrir, awake!" she said. "Let the curse of Odin fall: we will go far hence into the wild mountains, and leave the race of Hialmar to perish. The vow was vain; but the Norrir were not wholly pitiless. No shame has fallen upon thee, pure Daughter of the Snows!"

Svenska heard not, regarded not. Drawing herself away from all support, the young priestess stood erect. She spoke not to Ulva, but uttering her thoughts aloud—

"Dread Norrir! is this your will? Ye deceived me, nay, but I beguiled myself. How could evil work out good? Odin scorns the unholy offering; the sinful vow brings its own punishment. Olof, Olof! whom I came to betray, I love thee, as my own soul I love thee, and in vain!"

It was no more the priestess, but a desolate despairing woman who lay there on the cold ground, and moaned in uncontrollable anguish, Ulva, stung to the heart, gazed on her without a word. The day of requital had come at last.

When the misty light of day changed into the star-lit beauty of a northern night, a clear sound pierced the silence of the hall. It was the Christian vesper-hymn, led by a fresh young voice, through whose melody trembled a tone of almost angelic gladness—the voice of Hermolin, Svenska, aroused from her trance, sprang madly on her feet.

"Olof, Olof!" she cried, "the curse of Odin will fall; they will beguile thy soul, and I shall never see thee after death in the blessed dwellings of the Æser. Is there no help, no atonement? Ah!" she continued, and her voice suddenly rose from the shrillness of despair to the full tone of joy—"I see it now. Odin! thy will is clear: mine ear heard truly, mine eye saw plain. The sacrifice—it shall be offered still, and Odin's wrath be turned away. To the mountain, to the mountain! son of Hjalmar! I will wait await thee in the Valhalla of thy fathers."

She darted from the hall, and bounded away with the speed of the wind. Night and day, night and day, far up in the mountains, did Ulva follow that flying form, until at times she thought it was only the spirit of the priestess that still flitted on before her sight. At last she came to a wild ravine, in which lay a frozen sea of snow; on its verge stood that white shadow, with the outstretched arms, and the amber-floating hair.

As Ulva looked, there grew on the stillness a sound like the roaring of the sea; and a mighty snow-billow, loosened from its mountain-cave, came heaving on; nearer, nearer it drew, and the pale shape was there still; it passed, and the Daughter of the Snows, slept beneath them.

The Daughter of the Snows!—whence then that shriek of mother's agony, the last that ever parted Ulva's lips—"My child, my child!" Let Death, the great veiler of mysteries, keep until eternity one dread secret more! D. M. M.

A YOUNG HERO.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

About eighty years ago, there lived a little boy in Ireland, of the name of Volney Beckner, whose heroic conduct deserves to be commemorated, as a model for young persons. Volney was born at Londonderry, in 1748; his father having been a fisherman at that place, and so poor that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a sea-faring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known character. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking, did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age, he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the lofty trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow, also, was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly awakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest; such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or

any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or illness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trust-worthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fail to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valor and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and his voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre and threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and, stabbing his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quit the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of the encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it to his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! or at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, the hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious for its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The pre-

sent relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think of the heroism of the Irish sailor boy—Volney Beckner.

MACAIRE AND THE DOG.—A gentleman named Macaire, officer of the body guard of Charles V., King of France, entertained a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, which he had probably gone out to hunt. Julius Scaliger, who tells the story, does not mention whether the dog was tied or muzzled, or in what manner the assassin got the deed accomplished without its interference. But, be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if anything could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly turned up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. Scaliger says that these cries were impressively touching. Those who heard them dug into the ground at the spot, and found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself, from this time forth, to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He made Macaire and the dog be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The King interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the King ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the Isle of Notre Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The King allowed Macaire to have a strong club, as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of a hole or recess, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leapt actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy, and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. It is usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the Chateau of Montargis.

A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.—Do you see yon tree overtopping all the others on the hill above Honfleur? One of its branches is so bent that it seems to turn back almost to the stem, while another, extended, points to the distance, and its foliage has some resemblance to a large head, with a sailor's broad-brimmed hat upon it. This is the Bonhomme de Tatonville. About a century since the Seine changed its bed, and for several years the

current kept close to the left bank, instead of running, as it now does again, along the right. This circumstance threw all the pilots and steersmen into no little perplexity, for they were obliged to study the river and its bed afresh, lest they should strike upon its many sandbanks, and precisely there, where hither-to they had sailed in the greatest security. An old pilot of Tatonville, who had so often risked his own life when there was a chance of saving the lives of others, resolved, when no longer able to direct the helm, not to relinquish his vocation to prevent disaster, and to succor those who were in danger. And he went every morning before the dawn of day to the spot, perceptible from a great distance, on which that tree stands, and there he stayed till late at night. Watchful and unwearied, he called out to every skipper that passed, telling him how he ought to steer, and what dangerous spots he ought to avoid, and was thus a benefactor to thousands, till death at length summoned him from the humane duty which he had imposed upon himself. For a service so entirely disinterested, our times would probably have bestowed a bit of red ribbon and a cross, and perhaps a paragraph in a newspaper, commendatory of the given and the receiver: it might be, too, not so much as that, unless chance had conveyed the name of the man to the drawing-room of some minister. The grateful Normans chose a memorial to the Bonhomme de Tatonville, as the sailors call him, and a living one, in the form of a tree, which every year bears green leaves, and bright blossoms, and fair fruit. And then the people without ceremony made a saint of the good man of Tatonville, and conferred on him the gift of performing miracles, because in his lifetime he had rendered kind offices to all who were in danger, and he was buried under this tree, that, when the Bonhomme de Tatonville felt that the day was approaching on which death would call him from his post, he prayed to God to send him a successor; upon which the staff that supported the hoary seaman struck root in the ground, grew up, assumed the shape of the Bonhomme, and has from that time pointed the way to vessels in his stead. The tree was called after him Le Bonhomme de Tatonville, and it is venerated by the people like the shrine of a saint, and the communes of the whole country round contribute their quota for its protection and preservation, because, as we have observed, it is the only thing that is fruit-bearing, guide and director of the navigator.

HOUSEHOLD MARKETS.

The improvement in market business of all kinds has been very slight during the past week, and although the weather was unusually mild, a comparatively small amount of poultry was received from the country. In consequence of the failure in this respect our quotations show a considerable advance on the prices of last week. All kinds of game, except Venison, are very scarce. There is an increase in the price of beef on account of the limited supply. Mutton is more plenty than of late, but the demand is not so great, and is dearer also. This is attributable to the scarcity of other kinds of meat. Of Fish there is a large supply, but no change to notice in the prices:

MEATS.		FISH.	
Beef, roasting piece, 14/10		Salmon trout, 12/10	25
do, sirloin steak, 12/10		Southern shad, 7/10	10
do, porter-house, 12/10		Trout, 12/10	10
do, rump steaks, 10/10		Crabs, 12/10	10
do, brisket, 10/10		Beans, 12/10	10
do, corned, 10/10		Quail, 12/10	10
do, smoked, 12/10		Pickled, 12/10	10
do, smoked, 12/10		Blackfish, 12/10	10
Mutton, hind q'r., 12/10		Perch, 12/10	10
do, fore q'r., 12/10		Pike, 12/10	10
do, chops, 10/10		Worm, 12/10	10
Pork, fresh, 11/10		Head, 12/10	10
do, salted, 10/2		Whitfish, 12/10	10
do, ham, 12/10		Salmon, 12/10	10
do, smoked bacon, 12/10		Trout, 12/10	10
do, corned, 10/2		Crabs, 12/10	10
do, smoked, 12/10		Beans, 12/10	10
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The Vale of Shangahan.

BY D. P. WAGNER.

Vale of Shangahan! I understand the entire
 full panorama which stretches out from the
 Key Hill to Bray Head, and from the "White
 Sugar Loaf Mountains. Few inhabitants
 require to be informed that the ancient Irish
 picturesque mountains is a word which
 "Golden Spears," and that by Ben Heder is
 full of Hovth.

are knelt in the Temple of Duty,
 ing honor and valor and beauty—
 a brave man, in fearless resistance,
 fight the good fight on the field of exist-
 ing I have won by a long life of labor,
 thoughts of my soul or the steel of my
 me a calm home where my old age may
 all of peace in this sweet pleasant val-
 leet of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 reetness of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 ay the accents of love, like the drop-
 pings of manna,
 all sweet on my heart in the Vale of
 Shangahan!
 sole—this dear child of the ocean—
 with more than a mother's devotion;
 n what rich robes has Nature arrayed
 waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben
 gariff's lone islets—Loch Lene's fairy
 was each, that then matchless I thought
 as I stray through each cress-scented
 but more fair is this soft verdant val-
 leet of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 reetness of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 o wide-spreading prairie—no Indian sa-
 vanna,
 o dear to the eye as the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 ed, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes
 tures of beauty this valley discloses,
 t margin of silver, whereon the blue
 like the eyes of the ocean foam's
 with the red clouds of morning com-
 Golden Spears" o'er the mountains are
 hue of her beather, as sunlight ad-
 le flags furled round the staffs of the
 leet of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 reetness of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 o lands far away by the calm Susque-
 hanna!
 o tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 en here, the lone heart were be-
 ted,
 y could reach it, if love did not light it;
 make the Earth, oh! what mortal can
 it
 with—*but*—a desert without it!
 lov'd one, to whom, thoughtful feeling
 reach her,
 dness of heart makes the beauty of tea-
 d, through this vale, would I float down
 river,
 God's bounty, and blessing the Giver!
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 reetness of vales is the Vale of Shan-
 ganah!
 May the accents of love, like the drop-
 pings of manna,
 Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of
 Shangahan!

THE ISLAND OF WADEMA.

STORY OF THE NORTH POLE.

BY M. M.

er was any one placed in such a pecu-
 nity as I am. Born in a country
 n to the civilized world, even by name
 nity located in a part of the globe
 rend uninhabitable, at the bare mention
 ch men look grave and women sad—I
 at speak of my birth-place lest I should
 mad. The pleasure that the patri-
 s in dwelling on the beauties of his
 land, its smiling plains and frowning
 tains, never can be mine; and yet Wa-
 beloved life, how fair art thou! I have
 d calmly to eulogies on the sunny
 and frozen north; I have heard the

mountaineer rapturously dilate upon the sub-
 limity of his pine-clad hills, on whose craggy
 summit the eagle reared his eyrie, and dawl-
 ers by the sea side descant with glowing
 eloquence on the charms of that varying el-
 ement, majestic in storm, beautiful in calm,
 fascinating in every form, but while listening,
 the music of thy falling waters was in my
 ears, the glory of thy sun-bright days, the
 bewildering beauty of thy flashing nights were
 before me, and I longed to speak of thee, to
 utter even thy name. Alas! I dare not. Once
 I did—once too often. I was seated at a table
 with men who called me friend. They spoke
 proudly of American scenery, and appealed to
 me if I had ever in my native land (they
 thought I was a Scandinavian) seen anything
 so fair. Feelings that had been pent up for
 years found expression then, and I spoke of
 these Wadema, of thy sons and daughters, in a
 wild, enthusiastic strain that excited the sur-
 prise of my hearers, for I was generally re-
 served and silent, and this sudden burst of
 impassioned feeling was wholly unexpected.

Name this wondrous spot of earth—this
 happy valley of the world?" they exclaimed
 in chorus.

"Wadema."
 "Wadema!" Who ever heard of Wadema?
 Where is it?"

"At the North Pole," I replied.

Every eye was turned on me with unuttera-
 ble surprise. Then each one tried to fathom
 his neighbor's thoughts, and again turned his
 eyes on me with a quick, troubled glance. I
 knew what was passing in their minds, and
 bitterly I regretted my want of caution. I
 knew they considered me a raving maniac,
 but as I regained my usual composure this
 idea vanished, and a hilarious burst of laugh-
 ter attested the success of my supposed jest.

"Very good! excellent!" they said, amid
 the pauses of their stormy mirth. "Who
 would have expected such silly satiric humor
 from him. How well he did it!"

My companions of that night I now seldom
 see. After thought was not favorable to me;
 my enthusiasm seemed too real to be all assum-
 ed. I was set down as a dreamer, a visionary,
 a monomaniac, and they avoided me forthwith.
 When we do meet they ask what news from
 Wadema, and I laugh and say I expect letters
 by the next mail.

Oh! that I had a friend in whom I could
 confide—not a man of sense, but one wise
 enough to believe in the incredible—to him
 would I reveal all.

Have I found such a one? "Write to me,"
 you say, "and trust to my friendship. Why
 are you so depressed? Have we not been
 friends for years? Have I not confided to you
 every thought? And yet, during that time,
 I knew there was a secret sorrow preying on
 your heart, which I long to lighten by
 sharing."

Oh, dear friend! I shrink from telling,
 because I feared to lose you. But there is
 something in man's nature, even when most
 self-sustaining, that requires sympathy; and
 at the present time, agitated as I am by a
 thousand hopes and fears, I wish for it more
 than ever. It may be that after writing my
 strange story I may shrink from sending it,
 for I could not bear that you should doubt my
 sanity; but I will solace myself with the be-
 lief that I am pouring the story of my suffer-
 ings into sympathising ears.

Formerly it was the prevailing belief that
 a continent of ice lay round the North Pole,
 forming an impenetrable barrier to human re-
 search and enterprise. Some even thought,
 with St. Pierre, that the ice was so thick at
 both Poles that it projected considerably be-
 yond the earth's surface, and gave our globe
 a spherical form. But this theory is giving
 way before modern discoveries, and the gen-
 eral opinion now is, that round the North Pole
 there is an open navigable sea, and therefore
 the air, either as a consequence or a cause,
 must be warmer and more genial than in much
 lower latitudes. Strange, that amid all the
 surmise and conjecture expended on that
 land of mystery, the wildest imagination
 never dreamed of its being peopled by crea-
 tures like themselves. No; there was nothing
 there to engage their sympathies, save when
 a solitary vessel, urged by the thirst for
 gold, or the more insatiable thirst for know-
 ledge, plowed its way amid the surging ice.
 No one lived and loved and died there; the
 tongue of garrulous old age, or the laugh of
 romping childhood, never woke an echo in
 those dreary solitudes. The poet, speaking
 of it, says, "receding gradual, life itself goes

out," embodying in one line the popular be-
 lief. And yet, beyond that icy barrier, glori-
 fied by many a romance of heroism and suffer-
 ings, I was born. Yes; I repeat it; beneath
 the Polar Star, in that land guarded better
 than was the fabled garden of the Hesperides,
 I was born. Fling down my manuscript if
 you will, in scornful unbelief—'tis not the
 less true.

Oh! Wadema, my native land, dearer to me
 than all the earth besides, how vividly I re-
 member thee! Twelve long, weary years
 have passed since last I saw thee; yet I see
 thee now as clearly, as vividly as I do the
 paper on which I write thy name. Often have
 I traced that name in secret—Wadema, loved
 through all these changing years with a love
 stronger than time itself. Were I but an or-
 dinary exile, banished for the love I bear
 thee—the joy, the rapture of suffering for thee,
 would make amends for all. But that is a
 luxury we simple islanders know not; we are
 not civilized enough to consider patriotism a
 crime; we are not credulous enough to be-
 lieve treason possible. All love thee as I
 love thee; no one could love thee more. Heav-
 en grant that the exile's proud sorrow, his
 bitter joy, may never be understood by thy
 sons, my native land! The exiles that flock
 hither from every clime have a hope of return-
 ing at some future day, no matter how remote,
 to cheer them; but, alas! there is no rainbow
 in my grief; no exertions of mine can benefit
 me, no risk bring me near to my goal. Time
 and Chance, potent, intangible, unsubstantial
 realities—my faith in ye fails not.

There is a tradition in Wadema that long
 ago—how long they know not—a man, dressed
 in a style they had never seen before, was
 thrown upon the beach apparently dead. By
 dint of unremitting exertions he recovered;
 but the curiosity excited by his appearance
 was not soon gratified, for the stranger spoke
 in an unknown tongue. After a time he ac-
 quired the language of the Wademes, and
 told them of lands beyond the ice where the
 sun shone every day, and of others where snow
 never fell and water never froze. At that
 time the Wademes adored the Polar Star;
 but he spoke to them of a God that made all
 the stars, and at last the ancient belief gave
 way, and the people acknowledged their de-
 pendence on an invisible Deity. After his
 death the religion he taught them became
 mixed up and incorporated with the old creed;
 and though they believed in an Almighty
 power, they had ceremonies in honor of
 "Astral," as he called the Polar Star.

Now, my dear friend, if you have read thus
 far, you will understand the peculiar attrac-
 tion that star possesses for me above all the
 starry hosts of Heaven. It overhangs my birth-
 place. Perhaps eyes moist with thoughts of
 me were gazing on it—perhaps prayers for
 my safety, offered up by the strong love that
 will not despair, were at that moment ascend-
 ing heavenward.

When I was a boy nothing interested me so
 much as this tradition. The man was a sailor,
 had belonged to a vessel that sailed north-
 ward to make discoveries; the vessel had
 been wrecked and he alone escaped, to die at
 last upon a foreign shore. This is all tradi-
 tion tells—the name of the country where
 he came is forgotten—but by the shore, on
 the very spot where he was left like a weed
 by the reflux waters, stands a huge pile of
 stones, called to the present day, "The Stran-
 ger's Grave." There I used to sit for hours
 and hours, watching the unwieldy gambols of
 the seals and walruses, and speculating upon
 the early life of him who slept below. I
 longed to explore the world that he had left,
 and I chafed at the limited space in which
 Nature had confined me. As I grew older
 this feeling gained strength, and the desire
 for adventure became at last a passion which
 I would have gratified at all hazards, but for
 an event that changed the current of my
 thoughts.

It was the evening of the festival in honor
 of Astral, and eager crowds were gathered on
 the hill tops watching the sun sink below the
 horizon. Slowly he disappeared, as if sad to
 leave the hemisphere he had so long illu-
 mined; flinging, as a parting gift, a transitory
 glory on the masses of clouds that lay piled
 around, like fragments of some stupendous
 aerial structure. As soon as the last faint
 streaks died away, a mighty shout from the
 assembled thousands rent the air, announcing
 to those in the plains and valleys that the
 long polar night had begun. Then ensued a
 singular scene. The people disappeared as if

by magic, and silence profound as that of the
 grave settled over the island. One by one
 the stars came out, irradiating the deep blue
 vault above, and mirroring their beauty in
 the slumbering sea. Still there were no signs
 of life throughout the island; but Astral had
 scarcely twinkled in the zenith when each
 house poured out its inmates, and forming in
 procession, they silently marched to the place
 appropriated to religious worship from time
 immemorial. It was some distance from the
 city—a large level greensward, surrounded
 by gently swelling hills—a sort of natural
 amphitheater, covered with the softest, green-
 est grass. The temple was elliptical and
 formed by majestic pine trees, whose tall,
 straight trunks looked like gigantic pillars.
 An open space at one end admitted the wor-
 shippers, and opposite was a rude stone altar
 overstrewn with flowers. On the surround-
 ing eminences were blazing pine branches,
 but within the temple of Astral there was no
 light save that of the moon and stars.

I have seen many religious ceremonies since,
 and have participated in many forms of wor-
 ship, purer and holier it does not become me
 to doubt, but there was an impressive sole-
 munity about that scene that haunts my memory.
 The ever-open temple, canopied by the starry
 sky, the tall columnar pines, through whose
 interlacing foliage the moonbeams penetrated,
 and the ruddy light of the blazing torches,
 joined with the accompanying sounds, formed
 a whole not easily forgotten. I fancy I can
 hear even now the monotonous dash of the
 ocean, the sigh of the weird night breeze
 through the quivering pines, and the meas-
 ured tread of the countless worshippers who
 poured into the vast temple not made by hu-
 man hands, chanting the opening

HYMN TO ASTRAL.

Glorious Astral, pure and holy; now we lift our eyes to
 thee;
 Pledge Fervor! Gentle Brightness! ever our protector.
 Who amid the hosts of heaven are immutable but thou?
 Where our first forefather saw thee, we his children see
 thee now.

Sun and moon, the great light-givers,
 Wander restlessly on high;
 But thou art ever watching o'er us,
 Ever to thy supplicants high.
 And the dwelling stars move round thee, thou the while
 Unmoved and still.
 They like restless human feelings, thou like God's un-
 changing will.

Astral! Astral! we implore
 Grace to love thee more and more.
 Astral! gentle Astral, smile
 Lovingly upon our isle.

I do not mean to give you a full account of
 our simple ceremonies; they consisted prin-
 cipally in burning fragrant night flowers on
 the altar, and offering up prayer and praise
 to our type of the Deity, the Polar Star. O!
 what a memorable night that was to me—the
 last time I assisted at our annual solemnity—
 the first I saw Orame, the best and fairest
 among the daughters of Wadema. I shall not
 attempt to describe her, for words are poor.
 Every one said she was beautiful and admired
 her. I paused not to consider whether she
 was fair or homely, but I loved her. I had
 not seen her since she was a child, for her
 mother belonged to the distant island of Ze-
 nada, and when dying left Orame to the care
 of her relatives. She returned to soothe her
 father's declining years, and had been at
 home for some weeks before the Festival of
 Astral. But I had not seen her, for it is cus-
 tomary among the Polar Islanders to see no
 strangers after a journey until they have re-
 turned thanks in the temple. During the
 ceremonies my attention was arrested by a
 pale, fair face, whose large sparkling eyes
 were steadily fixed upon our guiding star.
 The slanting moonbeams fell athwart it, im-
 parting the colorless look and rapt unearthly
 expression we admire in Guido's Magdalen.
 I could not choose but gaze, and when she
 arose and deposited her offering of freshly
 gathered night flowers on the altar, I followed
 and knelt beside her—'twas Orame.

I pass over a few months in silence; but
 you, dear friend, for whom alone I write, can
 supply the deficiency, for you have loved.
 You can imagine my alternate fits of hopefulness
 and despondency, my unbounded confi-
 dence, my causeless jealousy, my distrust of
 myself, my envy of others; all the contradic-
 tory emotions, all the conflicting feelings that
 mark the advent and presence of love. The
 Winter, with all its cherished pleasures, was
 fast passing away, and I had not joined my
 companions in our accustomed sports, for
 every thought was given to Orame. But
 there was one species of amusement which no
 one was at liberty to decline. The first night
 of the new moon young and old assembled in
 circles to listen to the rhyming chronicles of
 Wadema chanted by some grey-haired patri-
 arch, in whose family the traditionary histo-

ry of the island had been handed down for generations. He began with the landing of a party from the South upon the western coast; their delight at finding the land so fertile, and the climate so mild, their gradual progress, their increase and dispersion over the neighboring islands. The history of Zבלa, the wail thrown upon our shores by the ocean, was given at length, and the narrator dwelt on the singular coincidence of his coming from the same direction as our forefathers had done. He spoke of the change he effected in our religion, the improvements he introduced into our homes, and then, diverging, dwelt upon the possibility of there being, as Zבלa maintained, countless hosts of people beyond those floating ice mountains, that our hardy sailors had often encountered in their sealing and whaling voyages.

With a mind pre-occupied by the sad fate of him who had died away from friends and home, I reached "The Stranger's Grave." No more fitting spot could have been selected. It was lone, and drear, and desolate; and the long, low moan of the surging sea swept round it like a wail. What a fearful power memory has—by what potent magic does it bring the past before us. Oh, Sorcerer! how often have I shrank from thee, but how unavailingly. How often, with a refinement of cruelty, hast thou brought before me those I have loved and lost, so vividly, so distinctly, that I have stretched out my arms in the vain endeavor to clasp them, and started when I received no answering embrace. How often has the landscape on which I gazed, shifted, and given way to one more dear and more familiar, and then, even while I was the sport of the emotions it excited, disappeared. Oh, for a draught of Lethe to "steep my senses in forgetfulness!" Idle wish which ever comes to prove its own futility. Before me is the ocean, stretching far away in the dim distance, each separate billow tipped with crested foam; behind the lights twinkle in my native town, and above the sky is bright with shooting fires, now darting to the horizon, and anon converging to a dazzling point. And I hear the voice of Orame say, "What a melancholy place you have chosen for your meditations, Harliga. Have you been thinking of the stranger, Zבלa?"

"Yes, Orame, his fate haunts me, I know not why. Where did he come from, and what became of those he loved?"

"Do you think he was a human being like you or I, with feelings and affections like ours? Surely not; he was sent by Astral to teach us what was right." And she turned her eyes reverently to the Polar star.

"That cannot be," I replied. "If he were sent from above he would not begin his mission by inventing a falsehood, and one too that placed him on a level with us. He must have come from some land beyond the ice mountains—would I could reach it—I would give ten years of my life to set foot on it. Ten years! I would give my life itself!"

"Then you think the fate of Zבלa an enviable one?"

"No, Orame, very far from it. His discovery was of no use. Probably his own people do not know that such a being ever existed, and the fact that he came from a populous southern land is of no use to us, save as the subject for a Winter rhyme. But that southern land from which he came, and of whose name we have no record—the original birth-place of our ancestors it may be—to discover it, to make it known to Wadema and Wadema to it, that is my day dream. Why should we, cooped up in a few small islands, be content, while lands teeming with inhabitants lie beyond."

"But did not Zבלa say that at the center of the earth there were great dangers—that there were subterranean noises there louder than the crackling of our firmanet fires?"

"They are but the throbbings of the earth's great heart, Orame; may I live to hear them."

"Better hear the voice that speaks from this lonely grave, Harliga. To me it sounds now fearfully impressive, telling of an acute agony of grief, that welcomed despair as a blessing."

"Then he must have had friends that loved him; but I am alone in the world. I have no living kin, and if his fate were mine to-morrow, it might make a few sad, but none unhappy."

Orame turned hastily away, and directed her steps to the town. In the self pity excited by my own isolation, I did not notice her absence for a few moments.

"Stay, Orame!" I cried, "the bright star, Bala, has just appeared above the horizon, and the Yessima is opening her snow white blossoms to the moon. 'Tis early yet."

I know not what she said, for the words were indistinct; but there was a tremulousness in the tones of the voice that sent a thrill through my heart. Actuated by a feeling, I stayed not to analyze, I bounded after her. Her eyes were swimming in unshed tears, and there was a tell-tale glow upon her cheek that emboldened me. I know not what I said—it was confused and unintelligible—but she understood, and I learned with feelings you can understand, that I had not loved in vain.

Let me hurry over what follows. As I approach it my self-control gives way, and the heart I have schooled into resignation is again in a tumult of grief. How sacred to us both was "The Stranger's Grave." I led Orame back to it, and there by the house of the dead, with hands clasped and eyes upraised to the bright unchanging star above, we vowed that one fate should be ours, and that nothing but death should part us—and yet I am here! Why, what is man? A leaf tossed upon the stream of Destiny—a cloud driven by the whirlwind of Fate.

About twelve hours' sail from Wadema lies Zanana, an uninhabited island, which, in the Summer time, is the resort of swans and red geese. As soon as their arrival is ascertained the young men start for Zanana, prepared to snare the birds, which are highly prized by the fair daughters of Wadema. In high spirits I joined the party, determined to surpass all my companions in the number and value of my prizes. Oh! why had I no presentiment, no foreboding. After procuring the required supply, we were to proceed to the fishing grounds and leave provisions with the vessels dispatched annually from Wadema to procure the Winter supply of whale oil. We reached the island in safety, snared a sufficient number of birds of both colors to satisfy the most exacting, and then hastened to fulfill our commission. After two or three days' sail, the change in the temperature indicated our proximity to the ice, and we looked eagerly for the vessels. Our voyage had been prosperous beyond all parallel, and I was happy in the hope of a speedy return. But while indulging in such pleasing anticipations, the sky became overcast, and the wind, until then fresh and steady, blew violently, lashing the sea into foam. For hours we struggled manfully with the angry elements, each one exciting his companion to hope and perseverance. Vain was our hope and useless our perseverance. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the waves rose high above the masts of our vessels. Our frail bark could not withstand the storm, and as each billow broke over us, it shivered like a living thing conscious of some inevitable doom. I saw several of my companions swept away and engulfed in the insatiate ocean, and the next moment I was struggling amid the billows. Moved by the instinct of preservation that never deserts man in the most hopeless extremity, I lashed myself to a spar and was borne southwards toward the ice. Above the roar of the roused ocean I heard at intervals a noise like the clash of colliding clouds and then a hollow, gurgling sound, as the smaller berg struck by a mightier one sunk for a moment into the depths of the sea. Never can I forget the mingled sensation of awe and horror I then experienced. Was that world beyond the ice only to be gained by an agony worse than that of death. As if to reveal all the terrors of the scene, the moon emerged from behind a mass of clouds; not such as you behold here, with a sickly radiance, but the bright, glorious moon of the Arctic sky. I gazed around for my companions and our ill-fated vessel—alas! no living thing was in sight, though fragments of the wreck were hurled about in every direction by the multitudinous waves. There is a fascination in danger which attracts with irresistible force, and compels us to gaze at that which we shudder to think of. Actuated by this feeling I continued to gaze, and at last desisted—good heavens! was it possible—a ship—a vessel in the ice, swaying to and fro, and rocking with its every motion. Where did it come from? Not from Wadema, for it was unlike any vessel ever built there. Where then? Even at that moment, when death had encompassed me on every side, this question interested me. But the thought of self soon intervened, for the mighty masses of ice were becoming fearfully distinct, and, driven by the wind, I was rushing with fearful velocity

toward inevitable doom. Shuddering, I instinctively closed my eyes. One cry of despair and mortal agony—one wild prayer for Orame, and the bitterness of death was past. On went the spar, straight as an arrow to its mark, and I, cowering, waited for the shock—but it came not; for lo! as if impelled by an unseen hand, the spar that bore me swept through a narrow channel between the ice-bergs, and I was saved from that fearful fate. I have a confused recollection of suffering, for how long I know not. Then succeeded a chaos of horrid sights and sounds, ending in unconsciousness, and when feeling and perception returned I found myself on board the very vessel I had watched with such intense anxiety. All trace of the storm had vanished. Around on every side, as far as the eye could reach, was solid ice, and in this ice the ship lay embedded. "The speaking quietude that wrapped that moveless scene" soothed my troubled spirit, and hope, fluttering like a startled bird, again took possession of my hearts.

The vessel and all around and in it were strange to me, and as I listened to the unintelligible language of the crew, the spirit of adventure that had slept for a season revived in full force, and all I suffered was forgotten. The curiosity I felt concerning my strange companions was as nothing compared with that I excited. I concluded that there was not even a vague tradition among them of our existence. The captain, by signs, demanded whence I came, and when I, pointing to the Polar star, replied in the same language, a gleam of joy shot athwart his weather-beaten face.

At the end of a few weeks I was able to understand what was said to me, and I then learned that to the spar getting entangled in the ice I owed my life; that the dark object attracted the attention of those on board, and that as soon as the wind permitted I was eagerly sought for from motives of humanity, and from a desire to ascertain who or what I could be. For several days I was insensible, and during that time the breach in the icy barrier closed up, and the Arctic regions were as impenetrable as ever. Had I been able at first to communicate with the captain, even by signs, what might not have been effected? I told him my story frankly, for suspicion had not taught me reserve, and he believed it. Sanguine of success, he passed the Summer in exploring every inlet and channel for a passage, and oh! how anxiously I watched every endeavor; but the Summer passed, and we were no nearer to Wadema, and as provisions were getting scarce, the captain concluded to return, lest he might endanger the lives of his crew. The vessel's prow was, therefore, turned southward, and words cannot tell the feelings with which I saw the gradual descent of Astral to the horizon. That gave a keener edge to my anguish—that brought home to my heart the dread idea that I should never see Wadema again. I thought of Orame, of her grief so still yet deep, and before my eyes, whichever way I turned, haunting me like a spectral thing, as if it were a type and symbol of my fate, rose up that lonely grave by the seaside, raised over a stranger by stranger's hands. Was my end to be like his? Was my fate to be forever shrouded in mystery, or had any one escaped to tell the tale? Either way hope was at an end, and conjecture wearied out—and, perhaps, Orame—but no, I could judge of her feelings by my own.

You know that I was shipwrecked returning from my first Arctic voyage, and brought to England; for I have often described to you that fearful storm, which I alone survived, and you also know that I joined an exploring expedition that sailed the following year to discover the northwest passage. But I never told you the tempest of scorn and indignation that greeted my simple narrative; how I was denounced as an impostor, a swindler, a wretch that scrupled not to sport with honest credulity and real feeling. "Where are they who could vouch for the truth of your story?" exclaimed one. "Dead men tell no tales," said another. One remarked how singular it was that I alone should escape, and another gave it as his opinion that the ship I reported lost was fast anchored in some frozen bay. At first I reiterated my assertions more energetically, and detailed my adventures more minutely, referring to the faith put in the statements of a stranger thrown on their shore, by my truthful countrymen; and

but after many severe lessons I learned to be silent and to conceal my feelings.

Hearing that a Polar expedition out in America, I hastened hither but arrived too late. At that time your acquaintance, and would have you, but I feared to lose your friendship that befel me since then is known to you now hold the key to all my moods. I know how wild and impetuous story must seem to you, still I say if you can—a future day will vouch for member that in 1876 we are in the Dutch penetrated to 88 degrees, and that in the following year we were one degree of the Pole. But this mistake, for the Polar Islands stretch the 89th parallel. Think of the navigation has made since that day, the keel of the Dominus Vobiscum stormy waters of that unknown north and say is there not room for hope? feel there is, for when enterprise verance join hands, failure is but a step to ultimate success.

Another expedition I who can tell will end. Noble hearts, what is to be of the soldier in the tented field with your heroism of endurance. It is with you, my thoughts are centred, my last, last hopes are centred on you. Oh! this internal tumult, this anxiety—would I had done with this unnatural seems the calm indifference around me; people go about their pations in their usual manner—day in the same dull routine, which, subject of my ardent prayer, way up to the Pole, and men of intelligence, and coolly speculate on probable fate.

I will write calmly and connectedly to quell the agitation of my heart. Islands are five in number. The largest, is a hundred miles in length and in breadth. The government is a semi-patriarchal in its character, like everything in Europe or America that prevailing in Andorra, the republic in the Pyrenees. Our government with birds, and our waters fish. Our apartments are covered with skin, lighted with oil and heated with an excellent substitute for coal abundance on the islands. Our Summer is procured principally from plant called the "roeds," which is sively cultivated. Its natural color is white, but by admixture with vegetable dyes it can be dyed any color. Fashion in dress, individual taste or preme; the color depends on the fashioner, except during the Festival when blue and white only are worn.

I wish I could convey to you an idea of the long Polar night. I know that the suggests gloomy thoughts, intermingled of snow and ice unrelieved by shrub, and tenanted only by the bear swept over by howling, desolating winds made more hideous by the fitful gleams of meteors overhead, while on every side, on earth, and sea, and heard mysterious noises produced by the agency. Is not this your idea of night? How far from the reality here I must stop, for news from this region has arrived.

Rejoice with me my friend! Greetings have reached me. You must— you must have heard that the Northwest Passage has been discovered. We prevent them reaching the Pole? home and country, I shall see you. The Northwest Passage has been discovered. Great joy intoxicates me—I move as in a dream—all seems unreal around deep in my heart, coloring every fading every thought, satisfying every is treasured up the mighty fact—that the Northwest Passage has been discovered.

A SUBMARINE MONSTER.—AN AMERICAN visited England with the model of a diaphanous submarine boat which possesses a far greater than those of the battleship, and combines with these the most terrible floating battery. Baldwin Walker has had interviews with the patentee's agent, and if the invention be found to answer, it will completely revolutionize naval and coast warfare. The Cherbourg and Portsmouth would be of no use against this submarine monster.

FACETIÆ.

CONTRADICTIONARY COUPLE.—"I do believe," taking the spoon out of his glass, and, "on the table," that of all the obnoxious, wrong-headed creatures that e born, you are the most so, Char-ly, certainly, have it your own y. You see how much I contradict you the lady.

"You did not contradict me at dining, not you?" says the gentleman.

"I did," says the lady.

"You did?" cries the gentleman, "you it?"

"I call that contradiction, I do," the were; "and I say again, Edward, I know you are wrong, I will contra-I am not your slave."

"My slave!" repeats the gentleman, "and you still mean to say that in burns' new house there are not more ten doors, including the door of the in to say," retorts the lady, beating her hair-brush on the palm of her hat in that house there are fourteen or no more."

"Then, cries the gentleman, rising in and pacing the room with rapid 'this is enough to destroy a man's and drive him mad.' By and bye man comes to a little, and passing gloomily across his forehead, resents in his former chair. There is a long and this time the lady begins.

"I asked to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to e sofa in the drawing-room during an, you surely mean," interrupts the an, "not mean anything of the kind," an-lady.

"By all that is aggravating and im-to bear," cries the gentleman, clenched and looking upwards in agony, "I insist upon it that Morgan s."

"You take me for a perfect fool?" ex-the lady; "do you suppose I don't one from the other? Do you sup- know that the man in the blue Jenkins?"

"He is in a blue coat," cries the gentle- a groom; "Jenkins in a blue coat! who would suffer death rather than thing but brown!"

"You dare to charge me with telling an demands the lady, bursting into e you, ma'am," retorts the gentle- up, "with being a monster of ten, a monster of aggravation, a- skin in a blue coat—what have I I should be doomed to hear such ta?"

CARE OF JUPITER.—"The first consid- rith a knave is how to help himself, second, how to do it with an appear- ing you. Dionysius, the tyrant, the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a many gold, and substituted a cloak saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, every in summer. It behooves us to of Jupiter." [Lacon.]

YOU TAKE A PINGER?—"Will you take aid to a acquaintance, offering his to a fishmonger. "No, I thank you," usd had one from a lobster."

WIT AND WIT.—"It is said that short eople are more numerous than long s, on the ground that brevity is the it."

ILLUSTRATION BY WAY OF DEFINITION.—"What is nonsense?" asked a wight, and little else. "Nonsense?" replied "Why, sir, it's nonsense to both t with a boiled carrot."

SCHOLARS.—"The boy at the head ss will state what were the dark ages rld." Boy hesitates. "Next—Mes- s, can't you tell what the dark ages I guess they were the ages just before tion of spectacles." "Go to your ward man, attempting to carve aopped it on the floor." "There now!" d his wife, "we've lost our dinner," my dear!" answered he, "it's safe, t my foot on it!"

OVER OF GOOD ENGLISH. writing to The cels attention to the solecism of word "transpire" as equivalent to "or occur." It means simply to, as a State secret, for instance.

MISTRESS ONCE ASK'D A PUPIL TO TELL the letters S double E spell; I was but dull, and so the mistress t, you dunce, I do with my eyes?" s says the child, quickly taking the e word now, ma'am; S double E upper is sheep's heads." One of the enthusiastic, and as he throws down and fork, exclaims: "Well, sheep's reverer, say I?" "There's egotism!" roid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELEPHANT HUNTING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Lieutenant Moodie, in his amusing "Ten Years in South Africa," gives the following account of his elephant hunting:

Some months after forming my new settle- ment, I engaged a Hottentot to shoot elephants and buffaloes for me, on condition of receiving half of the profits. This man, who was called Jan Wildeman, was a most expert hunter, rarely-failing to kill on the spot whatever he fired at. He was a complete wild man of the woods, and had as many wives as a fox in escaping the dangers to which he was daily exposed. His activity was most extraordinary; and I was often surprised with his nimbleness in climbing the highest trees to get at the wild vines growing over their tops. While I was considering how I could get up, he would take hold of one of the "baboon's ropes," as they are called, which hang in festoons from the branches, and in a few seconds he would be perched like a crow on the top, enjoying my surprise, and flinging down whole bunches of the fruit.

Though naturally timid, he had acquired by long practice such entire confidence in the correctness of his aim, that he would go right up to an elephant in the woods, and bring him down with the first shot. Sometimes, however, his gun would miss fire, when he had to betake himself to his heels, and by his agility and address, never failed to effect his escape. His adventures of this kind would fill a volume.

Wildeman came to inform me one evening that he had shot three elephants and a buffalo; and that there was a young elephant still remaining with the body of its dead mother, which he thought might be caught, and brought home alive. There happened to be two friends with me from the district of Albany, who had never seen an elephant, and whom, therefore, I persuaded to accompany me.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we set off, accompanied by Jan Wildeman, my Hottentot Speelman, and their wives, to assist in cutting up the buffalo, and carrying the flesh home.

Entering the forest, Jan first brought us to the carcass of the buffalo; but the fellow was so lazy that he had not taken out the entrails, and, the weather being warm, the flesh was unfit for use. He next led us to one of the elephants he had killed, and showed us the spot whence he had fired. The ball had entered the shoulder in a slanting direction, and passed through the heart. This was an exceedingly difficult shot, as he required to be very near to hit the right place, and for the ball to pass through such a mass of skin and flesh.

In shooting elephants, it is necessary to be provided with balls made of an equal mixture of tin and lead, as lead balls generally flatten on the skin or bones. Our ignorance of this circumstance at Fredericksburg, accounts for the trouble we experienced in killing the elephants there.

After following several of the paths made by these animals, and struggling through the tangled mazes of the forest, we ascended a steep sandy ridge, covered with low bushes, near the shore; and on reaching the top, we came in sight of the carcass of another of the elephants, and the young one standing by it. At a few paces distance, we saw a large elephant browsing among the low bushes. He smelt us as soon as we appeared on the top of the hill; and throwing up his trunk, and spreading out his huge ears, uttered a most discordant cry. "Gownatsi!" ejaculated Jan Wildeman, "that's the rascal that gave me so much trouble yesterday; he's as cunning as the devil."

The dogs instantly assailed the animal, and after several ineffectual attempts to seize them with his trunk, he made off. The dogs now attacked the young elephant, and chased him up the steep sandy hill where we were standing. My visitors, who were unaccustomed to large game, were exceedingly agitated. They had brought a gun with them for form's sake, but had neglected to load it. One of them, who was a Scotsman, seized me by the coat, and cried out in great agony, "Eh! man, whaur'll we rin?—whaur'll we rin?" It was no use telling him that there was not any danger, for he still kept fast hold of me, saying, "What, nae danger, man, and the beast comin' right up among us!" I say,

man, whaur'll we do?—whaur'll we rin?" The women instinctively ran and squatted themselves down behind the bushes.

As soon as I could break loose from the grasp of my countryman, I ran to endeavor to seize the young elephant by the trunk, and Speelman took his stand on the opposite side for the same purpose. I was astonished at the nimbleness with which the animal ascended the steep hill. As he approached the spot where we stood, we found he was much older than we expected, being nearly as large as an ox; and, after making an ineffectual attempt to get hold of his trunk, we were obliged to give him a free passage between us. I now picked up my gun, and gave chase to him; but he ran so fast that I could not overtake him.

I was well pleased we had not succeeded in seizing him, as, in all probability, he would have done us some serious injury with his tusks, which were just appearing at the root of his trunk. When they are only a few days old, there is no difficulty in catching them, and they become docile almost immediately. Several attempts have been made to rear them with cows' milk, but without success.

It is remarkable that the young of the elephant, when a few days old, are not much higher than a young calf; but their bodies are rounder and more bulky. It is also a curious circumstance, that the carcasses of elephants which have died a natural death, are never found by the natives in the woods where they are most abundant.

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.—The following singular fact in natural history, appears in a work called "Recollections of a Three Years' Service in Colombia, by an officer of the Colombian Navy." "There were hundreds of the old acquaintances, the alligators, who were usually to be seen lying on the top of the water with their mouths wide open, ever and anon closing them with a horrible crash upon some luckless fish, which the force of the current had conveyed into them. In the course of the voyage, I had an opportunity of ascertaining a fact concerning these creatures, which I do not recollect to have observed in the natural history of them. The Indians told me that, previously to their going in search of prey, they always swallow a stone, that, by the additional weight of it, they may be enabled to dive with the greater celerity, and drag whatever they may seize under the water with them with ease. They have been frequently known, on this river, where they are exceedingly large and rapacious, to draw men and horses out of sight. Not giving implicit credit to this statement of the Indians, I determined to ascertain if it were true, and mentioned my intention to his excellency, who assured me the Indians were correct; and for the sake of amusement, consented to shoot some to convince me. The only parts where they are vulnerable to musket-shot are on the dirty white part of the skin along the chest and abdomen, and in a space of about three inches in breadth behind each ear. The former can seldom be aimed at, and we therefore tried at the latter. Bolivar, whose aim was certain, shot at and killed several with a rifle, in all of which, when opened, were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds. The Indians, whose occupation obliged them to be always on the river, or close to its banks, said that they have frequently observed the young ones, in the morning, swallowing small stones at the side, under the shelter of the wood, before they searched for their victims, and depositing them at night in a place of safety."

SHARK-KILLING.—On the coasts of Sumatra, sharks are sought for and killed as a sporting exercise. A traveller thus speaks of this dangerous pastime:—"I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down,

apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the coppagh roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running-knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the re-appearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him, and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, *Tan, tan!* The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and despatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.—When poison has been swallowed, ascertain from the patient what the nature of the poison is. If mineral, that is, either corrosive sublimate or arsenic, give a teaspoonful of sulphur, or half a teaspoonful of pearlash, or a wine glass of soap suds; afterwards give a tea-spoonful of antimonial wine, and plenty of warm water. If vegetable, or oil of vitriol, aquafortis or oxalic acid, give pearlash, or chalk, or magnesia, or soap suds, in plenty of warm water, with a dessert spoonful of antimonial wine, or a scruple of simple powder of ipecacuanha. If scalded, give a teaspoonful of domestic mustard, and keep the patient walking. If carbonic acid, or fumes of charcoal—open air, keep the body cool; medical aid is required.

ART OF FLOATING.—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water—ay, and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your nose and mouth—not the top part of your heavy head—be the highest part of you, and you are safe; but thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two drownings by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports, or dread them.

A SIGN OF PEACE.—It is curious to remark the changes which take place from one year to another even in the toys made for children. Thus it appears that at present the pneumatic pistols which were the delight of our juveniles last year, and were manufactured in such vast numbers as to raise the price of zinc, have lost all their vogue. The sale of drums, too, has greatly diminished. Peace seems in the ascendant now with children as well as their papas. Scientific playthings are all the rage at present.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE WAR EXCITEMENT INCREASING.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

THE ITALIAN DIFFICULTY STILL UNSETTLED.

THE KING OF NAPLES NOT DEAD.

By the steamship America, Capt. Miller, which left Liverpool on the 29th ult. and arrived at Halifax on the 14th inst., after a most tempestuous passage, we are put in possession of one week's later intelligence from Europe. The following are the principal features of the news:

IRELAND.

It appears that the Coercionists have not yet abandoned their proposed outrage on the peasantry of Ireland; but such has been the feeling of opposition that it has roused not only among the Irish people, but among the right-thinking and fair-minded of the British, that it must die out. As the mail, however, had not reached the city before our paper went to press, it is impossible to say what new efforts have been made to keep up the movement. In the meantime the national papers of the county are not silent on the subject. The following extract from the last number of *The Dublin Nation*, shows the feeling that exists among the people in regard to the outrage:

"The audacious proceedings contemplated by the new-made organisation of Orange landlords, and the atrocious designs against the public safety, which they have openly avowed, have raised a shout of execration and defiance from end to end of the land. Letters have appeared in various journals, many of them from landlords themselves, condemning the false pretences on which the proposed meeting has been summoned, and suggesting that the resolutions which are to be brought forward by the Orange conspirators be met by certain amendments and counter resolutions."

"We can assure the exterminators that if they allow the meeting they are about getting up in Dublin to hear the least resemblance to a fair and open proceeding, if they do not pack it as closely as a first-class Castle jury, they will go home howling, disappointed, and defeated, in which case God help the poor serfs on the 'properties' to which they will return. We can tell them further, as we told them before and shall tell them again, that even should the result of their proposed gathering in Dublin quite come up to their expectations, the designs they cherish shall never be put into practice in Ireland. We at the same time tell the people to be awake, vigilant, and resolute. Their danger will not have passed away when the landlord conspiracy in its present shape shall have been defeated."

PROPOSED VISIT OF SMITH O'BRIEN TO AMERICA.—The Dublin Nation says:—Our distinguished and honored countryman, William Smith O'Brien, will leave Ireland for America via Galway in a few weeks. His stay on the American Continent will probably last for a few months, during which time it is his intention to visit every place of interest in the States. Thoroughly acquainted as Mr. O'Brien is with the countries of the Old World he will probably enjoy the more completely the grand and peculiar features of the New, and we confidently expect his trip will afford him much pleasure. His countrymen in the great Republic will no doubt be anxious to do honor to the noble and high-hearted patriot; to be not at present say whether he wishes to travel in perfect privacy, but we can say, and it may be fit that we should say distinctly, that his visit has not the most remote connection with politics. This fact we have on the assurance of an authority which is beyond question, the authority of O'Brien himself. We wish our noble countryman, and the whole Irish people will wish him a prosperous voyage, a pleasant tour and a safe return.

MATERIAL PROGRESS IN THE NORTH.—The *Nevry Examiner* has the following cheering news regarding the progress of that thriving town:

During the current year Dundalk will present a scene of unusual animation, bustle and business, and afford evidences of progress, not to be rivalled in any other Irish provincial town. The scene of animation will be worthily inaugurated by the Burns' centenary banquet. Immediately will follow the active note of preparations for the building of the New Corn Exchange, and arrangement of a new and commodious general market place, as well as the National Bank. The money—

£2,000—which will doubtless be granted for the completion of the general sewerage will add to that floating capital which ever infuses life into society. Then, too, comes of our annual ploughing match. Again, it is all but certain that Mr. Macneill's project for furnishing the whole town—the poor as well as the wealthy—with a copious supply of pure and wholesome water, is likely to be carried out. Then, likewise, may be inflated the movement towards having a line of railway constructed from Dundalk to Mullingar, and thereby connecting our town with the line to Galway, which promises to be the chief port for transatlantic steamers—and moreover, the needed plan of having our local railway connected with the quays by a tram-line will also become a reality. Then will come the great Leinster Cattle Show, which will attract to our town the votaries of fashion and owners of stock. The Assizes will contribute their quota to bustle, and the Louth Horticultural Society Summer and Autumn Shows, will afford graceful and agreeable diversification to the more substantial business of the year—who knows but that a general election, with all its attendant saturnalia of out-door specification and "shouting," and postprandial orations and boisterous, may contribute to the bustle and life of the varied scene. Our prospects are bright, and the sons of toil in particular may shout "cheer, boys, cheer!" and indulge in anticipations. We are assured that the jurors in our way, if, at the close of 1859, Dundalk will not have assumed a new, and a vastly improved commercial aspect.

ENGLAND.

The news from England is neither very important nor exciting. However the approaching opening of Parliament which is looked forward to with unusual interest, will furnish us with something definite. It is rumored that the English Government has contracted for a large supply of sixty-eight pounders which are to be cast with the least possible delay. What does this portend? They have also contracted for a large supply of gunpowder. The steamers Imperator and Imperatrice will take a large portion of the Red Sea Telegraph Cable from Liverpool.

The Times contains the following upon the Tea market: "In consequence of intelligence from China confirming the previous reports of short supplies, there was great excitement in the Tea markets, and considerable demand for most descriptions at higher prices. Some holders withdrew altogether." Saltpeetre has been active during the week, and extensive transactions have taken place; low to fine, 39s. a 48s. per cent. More than one-third of the stock in the port of London has changed hands, besides parcels afloat. A considerable part has been taken for the Sardinian Government. The Times says a great part of the business done appears to be speculative.

FRANCE.

The noise of warlike preparation resounds throughout France, and from all sides we hear the tread of armed men.

The Paris correspondent of The Daily News states that warlike preparations are going on so actively that the breaking out of hostilities would seem not a question of weeks, but days. The demand for cavalry is so urgent that orders have been given to buy horses nine years old. Letters from Toulon state that sixty-two war-transports are to be ready by the 1st of March. The supplemental surgeons in the Military Hospitals at Paris and Marseilles are ordered to hold themselves in readiness for active service. In the Artillery there are companies, in which five-sixths of the men are excused from regular duty, because they are making cartridges. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the continued arrival of troops and formation of a "corps d'armee" on the Alps. Three men-of-war left Toulon on the 26th for Genoa, supposed for the purpose of accompanying Prince Napoleon and his bride to France.

Three ships of the line were under orders at Cherbourg to join the Experimental Squadron in the Mediterranean as quick as possible. Recruiting of immigrants on the eastern coast of Africa and Madagascar, has been prohibited by a decree of Prince Napoleon.

The Paris correspondent of The Herald, writing on the night of the 27th says: "The opinion is now almost universal in Paris that a crisis has arrived in the affairs of Europe more momentous than any which has arisen since the wars of the first Empire. Among the lower classes the war feeling is stimulated by *La Presse* and *La Siecle*, and is daily growing more intense."

Proudhon, the French Socialist has been sentenced to four years imprisonment and to pay fine of five thousand francs for the sentiments contained in a new publication. There is a rumor that the Comte de Persigny will be sent as Ambassador to England, which would be regarded as indicative of peace.

The fluctuations of the Paris Bourse is very suggestive, they ebb and flow almost daily. A rumored insurrection at Ravenna caused the

rentes to recede but considerable improvement was evident towards the close.

ITALY.

NAPLES.—Steamship America, which reached Halifax from Liverpool last Tuesday night, contradicted the report published in the New York papers of the 8th inst., after the arrival of the Asia, of the death of His Majesty Ferdinand the Second, King of the Two Sicilies. His Majesty had been slightly indisposed, but was at the latest date, 29th January, improving in health.

A letter in *L'Applique* of Turin states that the Grand Duke of Tuscany has refused to accede to Austria's request regarding the exchange of Tuscan for Austrian troops.

The British Government is said to have addressed a note to the Sardinian Cabinet, strongly deprecating the war policy of the latter.

It had been officially announced to the Court of Turin that the Prince of Wales would pay a visit to the King of Sardinia in the Spring. Five hundred men and two pieces of artillery have been sent to watch the Piedmontese frontiers by the Government of Modena.

AUSTRIA.

The London Daily News has the following: "We have received from Austria an account, upon which implicit reliance may be placed, of expressions used by the Emperor of Austria in an interview with the Directors of the Bank on Monday last. His Majesty declared that he could count with certainty in the case of need upon the strenuous support of the entire population of Germany, but assured the deputation of his complete confidence that an amicable arrangement of the present difficulty would be very speedily effected. He added that he had just received dispatches from Paris which greatly strengthened that conviction."

Considerable agitation is said to prevail in Hungary and Austrian Poland, and eighty thousand troops are concentrated along the frontiers of Galicia. Some trouble is apprehended.

The pretensions of Napoleon to play the part of European arbitrator, begins, it is supposed, to be regarded as somewhat dangerous.

It is stated that Austria will never consent that the Italian question shall be settled by an European Congress.

Russia and Austria are reported to be on more friendly terms than they were, and a letter from Alexander has been received by Francis Joseph, which is said to be highly satisfactory.

RUSSIA.

The only news from Russia is that she is negotiating a loan from Rothschild, which is nearly completed. The amount is thirty millions of roubles.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

FRENCH MISSION AT THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—The Melbourne (Australia) Herald of the 1st of October, has the following: The schooner Taranaki, which arrived from the South Sea Islands last night, brings intelligence of a misunderstanding between the Government of the Hapai Islands and some French Roman Catholic missionaries, in consequence of a refusal to allow them to land at Lefuka. We have been favored with the following particulars:

On the arrival of the Louis and Miriam at the Hapai Islands, the Governor, Josiah, would not allow the Catholic missionaries to land, requesting them to remain on board their ship until he had communicated with King George, who was then at Vavau; but they returned to Tonga, and the Louis and Miriam resumed her voyage to Samoa. Some little time after this, the French frigate Bayonne arrived at Tonga, from Feejee, and M. Chevrone acquainted the captain of Josiah's treatment to the missionaries. He immediately caused the Governor of Tonga to despatch a canoe to Vavau for King George, and on his arrival acquainted him that he had broken the treaty with France, and drew up the following conditions for him to sign and fulfill, for an indemnity to the Catholic missionaries for denurage of their vessel:

"First—I, King George Tounou, depose Josiah, Governor of the Hapai Islands, for that, on the 8th of July last, he did not allow the Catholic missionaries to land at Lefuka."

"Second—I hereby agree to convey in my schooner to Lefuka, free of charge, the Rev. Fathers, their servants and baggage, and there to allot them on the beach a piece of ground of the same width and dimensions as that now occupied by the Wesleyan mission, and to build two houses of the same dimensions as those now occupied by the Wesleyan missionaries; the wood, sennit and materials to be equally good; the whole to be fenced in with

reeds, and to be completed within months.

"Third—By the kind request of a Father Chevrone, the Governor Josiah be deposed at present; and should himself to complete these conditions of satisfaction of the missionaries, he is Governor of the Hapai Islands."

The whole of this trouble arose from and his advisers taking the Catholic missionaries as such, and not in the national Frenchmen. The treaty expressly French subjects shall be entitled to privileges enjoyed by other foreigners. As soon as this was explained to King Tounou, he signed the conditions demanded, and the Bayonne sailed.

When the Taranaki left, the missionaries were in Lufaka, and on houses was nearly completed.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN ON RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

In January last Professor Newman delivered a lecture on "Religious Liberty," at the Harmonic Hall, Newman street, London, was quite filled by a respectable and audience. Mr. Newman commenced by some remarks on religious freedom, which he said would never be effected until we got at the persecutor's own view, and saw what were the notions which they were deluded into a belief that it ought to be promoted by means actually opposed to its own teachings. He believed that his notion was a dimly felt conviction that the moral in society were so closely interwoven with religious institutions that deflection of the latter involved the former in danger, also, persecution arose from the policy of all governments to regard religion in its outward and ceremonial character and individual bearing. It was a conservative feeling he believed, and together an unwise one, which led to view religion principally in this aspect. The clause of the discerning remark, that "to the multitude all religion is equally true; to the philosopher false, and to the statesman equally not to be taken as conveying a usually understood by it. Religious notions exercised a most powerful influence over the mind of the multitude. It was the tendency of the crowd to infer that the man who uttered, or as should say, "persecution," his opinions, was the wrong, and that they knew that their subjects were in this inference. The many who had time nor ability for ascertaining the of their religion, assumed it to be seeing it embodied in impressive honored usages. When, however, began to prosecute, not obscure men of eminent ability and character, as consistently do, if they coerced their of their subjects at all, they exceeded a certain degree of persecution which militate, short-sighted as its policy was, people's eyes became opened, and the victims went with the victim instead of the sector. Morality, said the lecturer, governments should uphold and enforce the common consent of civilized nations would sanction them in enforcing and well ascertained moral regulations, the notorious and wide differences respecting religion among the best and the best men plainly showed that it was of government to abstain from all interference in religious matters. In conclusion, the lecturer adverted to the Sunday question frequently discussed in that hall. He greater confidence in the ultimate of their efforts to have museums and unquestionably innocent recreation Sundays, because here they were moral ground than their opponents, the latter did not insist on the close public-houses and beer-houses. Let time to claim a free Sunday, not a of vicious indulgence, which could be really as to reality at present, but in acts of public virtue; and their case was accepted of God, would be applied. Mr. Newman warmly approved the conclusion of his lecture, which was followed by the performance of a sacred music.

CONVENT SCHOOLS IN THE WEST INDIES.

EXAMINATIONS AT JAMAICA.—The Kingston (Jamaica) Journal of January the 6th following: A list of the young ladies obtained prizes at the Annual Examination of the Convent, handed us by a lady who attended the examination, and speaks in the highest manner of the proficiency of the pupils. We feel much pleasure in having the report of our readers. Of the boarders, we obtained prizes for good religious instruction, English Grammar, Composition, and French; Miss Cal-

been no less fortunate in receiving the reward of merit for order and regularity, Geography, History and Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Needle Work, and Music; Miss Burke's single prize was for "General Literary Excellence," which means a great deal and leads us to expect that the young lady, who is personally unknown to us, must be one whose attainments reflect credit both upon herself and her instructors; Miss Coll received the prize for Singing.

Of the day scholars we find the names of Misses Malabre, D'Aquin, Abrahams, Martos, Chevalierre, Clermont, Dequesney, Preston, Briere, McMahon, and Carr.

These names will be familiar to a great many of our Kingston readers, showing that the young ladies are the daughters of several of our worthy citizens who must feel proud of the progress in learning of their little ones.

RAPID EXTINCTION OF THE NATIVES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A correspondent of The Honolulu Advertiser writes thus on 19th of December last: "It is generally believed that the nation is fast diminishing in numbers, and is tending, so far as the Hawaiians are concerned, to extinction. The friends of the native race are slow to realize the above fact. Still, when truth-telling statistics are placed before them, they are forced to believe that it is verily so.

With your permission I will give the statistics of the schools in a region where I have been acquainted the last twenty-one years. I regard the decrease of the pupils in the public schools as a fair index to the diminishing of the population in any district or section of the islands:

Name of Lands.	Pupils in 1848.	Pupils in 1858.
Kailua.	90	30
Halea to Lamaha.	86	32
Waipa to Hanalei.	125	37
Kalihiwai and Kalihiwai.	86	15
Kilauea to Papea.	80	20
Pila to Malaea.	80	32
Anaholu.	68	25
Total.	663	149

DOMESTIC.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN THIS CITY.—On Tuesday morning the 8th inst., two young ladies received the religious Habit at the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in Fourteenth street. The Very Rev. Mr. Starrs V. G., officiated and delivered an impressive and appropriate discourse on the occasion.

CONCERT AT ST. PATRICK'S.—The largest assemblage ever contained in St. Patrick's Hall was convened there on Wednesday evening, the 23 inst., the occasion being a concert given in aid of St. Vincent de Paul's Society (for the relief of the poor of the neighborhood), by the Misses Driscoll, Friel, Harley, lady amateur, and Messrs. Deckett, Moore, Harkins, Holrich, Sheridan, Parvin and Gammon, as vocalists, aided by the orchestra of the Society of St. Patrick's. We are glad to see such a general turn out of the people in so praiseworthy a cause as that for which the concert was given, and to be informed that but one general feeling of gratification and pleasure pervaded the minds and hearts of the vast multitude assembled upon the occasion. [Herald and Visitor, 12th inst.]

ARRIVAL OF SISTERS OF CHARITY IN CALIFORNIA.—The Alta Californian of the 14th of January, says that the Sisters of Charity have sent us a note acknowledging the receipt of one thousand and eight dollars and fifty cents (\$1,008.50), the net proceeds of the ball given at the holidays for the purpose of assisting to defray the expenses of the new school house on Jessie street. The school house is built on the Orphan Asylum lot, and is intended to accommodate the children of that portion of the city in which the Asylum is located.

ARRIVAL OF FRANCISCAN SISTERS IN CINCINNATI.—From The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate of Cincinnati, Feb. 12, we learn that three Franciscan Sisters, from Aix la Chapelle, Prussia, arrived in this city during the last week, to join the community on Fourth street. They were accompanied by a respected secular clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Niederkorn, of Luxembourg. The Rev. Nicholas Wachter has returned from the Tyrol. He is stationed at St. John's, Cincinnati.

PASTORAL APPOINTMENTS IN OHIO.—From the same paper we obtain the following list of appointments:

Rev. J. F. Gaetz has been appointed Pastor of St. Nicholas' congregation, Zanesville.

Rev. Mr. Berger of St. Mary's, Marges, Carroll County.

Rev. Mr. Sergius de Stehoulpnikoff, of Co-shooton, St. Nicholas and St. Ann congregations, and St. Mary and Elizabeth, Kirkuck.

Rev. Mr. Rattle of St. Peter's, Lick-run,

and St. John Baptist, Harrison—resides at (German) St. Aloysius Orphan Asylum, Reading Road.

INCREASE OF THE CHURCH IN CINCINNATI.—The church now within the corporate limits of Cincinnati, has become too small for the congregation. The Patronal Feast was celebrated last Sunday week, Archbishop Purcell celebrating Pontifical High Mass, assisted by the Very Rev. Joseph Ferneding, Rev. Archangel Gatr, O. S. F., the Pastor, Rev. J. Schmid, Rev. Joseph Dwenger and Mr. Herman Ferneding. There are one hundred children in the school, which was visited after Mass. Four hundred dollars of debt were paid last year, and four members of the congregation subscribed \$500 towards the enlargement of the Church. It will be made 28 feet longer, and the roof open, or no ceiling, like Seminary chapel. The zealous pastor hopes to have this improvement completed by Pentecost. A new school house will be built by the same time.

Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph Feb. 12.

PROFESSION OF A NUN IN THE URSULINE CONVENT, BROWN COUNTY.—The paper from which we obtained the above information has also the following interesting intelligence:—There was a solemn profession in this Institution on the 1st of February. The professed was a native of Rochester, New York, Catharine Wood, name in religion, Sister M. Genevieve. The Archbishop preached, and was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Superior Claud Gacon and Rev. Mr. Chymol. The academy is flourishing, the pupils, as all remark who visit the convent, are of the happiest, healthiest, and most accomplished for their years, they had ever seen. A new building 120 by 60 ft., three stories high, is to be erected this year. On Candlemas Day, fifty-seven persons were confirmed in the Parish Church of St. Martin. Of these three were converts.

THE JUBILEE IN THE DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.—Right Rev. Dr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, in his Pastoral, dated February 12, speaks of the results of the Jubilee as follows:

By special permission of the Holy See, the Jubilee in this diocese only closed on the 31st January. Most precious graces, unprecedented blessings, have marked this "time of salvation." One has been converted to Catholicism, faith, and the dormant piety of many a Catholic has been roused to life and Christian action. The zealous "Priests of the Living God," through all the diocese, had their energies of soul and body taxed to the utmost to meet the fervent calls of the vast numbers who crowded round the sacred tribunals, or who sought to feast on the bread of angels, at the table of the Lord. About 60,000 communions for the holy Jubilee were numbered. The clergy were indefatigable, in touching instructions from the pulpit and in the confessional. Yet it was not the power and union of the preaching, nor their devoted zeal in the confessional, that produced the conversions which have marked the past Jubilee. It was a special presence of the True and Eternal Shepherd, speaking, as none but He can speak, to every heart; and drawing sweetly, but most strongly, those to Him whom He, who is the way, the truth and the life, has predestined to eternal life. Let us, dearly beloved, rejoice in fruits so holy and so blessed, and let us pray that they may be cherished and preserved in every heart, as immortal riches, for eternal reward.

COLLECTIONS FOR THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME IN LOUISVILLE.—The following is a list of the various sums collected for this object in Louisville:

Louisville—Capt. James Radd, \$100; M. Cody, \$50; T. R. Slevin & Cain, \$50; John Coleman, \$20; J. H. Ryan, \$25; Wm. Heffernan, \$20; J. B. Lilly, \$20; Henry Deppen, \$12; J. O. Webb, \$10; John Hays, \$10; Luke Deppen, \$10; M. H. Murphy, \$10; C. H. Nicholas, \$5; James Cotter, \$5; Henry O'Neil, \$5; Eugene Doherty, \$5; C. McIlroy, \$2; John McGroarty, \$2; Robert McGroarty, \$2; William Randall, \$1; Thomas Nolan, \$1; Dennis Craney, \$0.50; Bardisow—Samuel Hamilton, \$5; F. Queen, \$10; J. Lilly, \$5; Misses Marshall, \$5; Dr. Doherty, \$1; St. Mary's College, Rev. J. L. Lattelle, \$50; Collections at Catholic Church, \$20; at St. Peter's, \$10; at St. John's, \$24.75; at St. Martin's, \$19; do. at St. Peter's, \$8; do. at St. Flint Island, \$1; do. at St. Rose's, \$50; do. at St. Gregory's and Bullitt Mission, \$5.50. Total amount, \$775.88.

A MONSTER PRINTING OFFICE.—The Paris Imperial printing establishment possesses the type of fifty-six eastern languages, being all that are known of the characters of Asia, ancient or modern. Also the type of sixteen European tongues which do not use the ordinary Latin characters. As to the letter, the establishment has the type of forty-six different forms and sizes. The number of presses on the premises is such that five hundred and fifty-six reams of paper, equivalent to nine thousand two hundred and sixty-six octavo volumes of thirty sheets, could be struck off in a single day. About five hundred workmen are employed by the establishment throughout the year.

A Banquet Hall not then Deserted.

CAZOTTE'S PREDICTION, REPORTED BY LAHARKE.

Few persons have ever read the description of the "Banquet Hall Deserted," from the pen of Moore, without feeling a thrill of loneliness. We give in the following paper from the pen of another poet, La Harpe, the description of another banquet which took place but a short time before the first French Revolution, and when we know that the prediction of the world-be prophet Cazotte at that festive board, was verified to the letter in the events which succeeded, it is impossible not to be struck with a feeling of something like awe, whether the prediction was literally uttered at the dinner or not.

The document has been translated and published before, but we have taken it from a manuscript in the handwriting, if not of La Harpe himself, at least of one of his immediate friends, before it was yet put in print. It reads as follows:

It was in the beginning of the year 1788, said La Harpe, and yet it seems to me but yesterday that I and some other friends were passing the evening at the house of a fellow member of the Academy, a man of noble birth and great talent. The company was numerous and not confined to one class—there were courtiers, lawyers, litterateurs, academicians, &c., and the feast, as usual, was sumptuous. The wines of Malvoisie and Constance added to the enjoyment of the hour, and gradually the conversation passed the bounds of propriety. At that period nothing was too sacred for jest. Chamfort read one of his impious and licentious tales, which gave rise to a running fire of jest upon religion, in which Homer and God were spoken of and placed by some on the same level. Gradually the conversation became more serious, and turned upon Voltaire, for whom they all expressed unbounded admiration, and all agreed that the revolution he had inaugurated was his greatest glory.

"He has given the tone to his age—he is read in the ante-chamber and the saloon," said one of the guests. Another, bursting with laughter, repeated what his hair-dresser had said to him:

"Look you, Sir, although I am a poor devil, I have no more religion than another man."

All concluded that the revolution would not be long coming—that it was absolutely necessary that superstition and fanaticism should give place to philosophy, and then they commenced calculating the different probabilities of that epoch, and who among the present company would live to see the reign of reason. The old grieved that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of seeing it—the young congratulated themselves on the more than probability that it would happen in their day, and all agreed that the Academy had prepared the way for the great work—that it had been the headquarters, the centre, the *primum mobile* of liberty of thought.

One of the guests had taken no part in the conversation, he had merely let fall some pleasant remarks on our enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an amiable and eccentric man, but unfortunately given up to the reveries of fanatics. Addressing us in a serious tone, he said:

"Gentlemen, rest satisfied, you will all see this grand and sublime revolution that you desire so much; you know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat it, you shall all see it."

We replied to him only by a well-known refrain.

"Faut pas etre grand sorcier pour ça."

Granted, but perhaps a little more is necessary for what I am going to tell you. Do you know what will happen in this revolution, what will it happen to all here present, and what will be its immediate consequence—its wondrous effects—its world-wide results.

"Oh, let us see," said Condorcet, with his silly, simpering manner; "a philosopher need not fear to encounter a prophet."

"You, M. Condorcet, will expire extended on the floor of a dungeon; you will die from poison administered by your own hand, which the happiness of these times will oblige you to carry away about you."

This caused universal astonishment at first, but when we recollected that the good Cazotte was subject to waking dreams, we laughed good humoredly.

"M. Cazotte, the tale you have been telling us is not so pleasant as your 'Diable Amoureux,' but what devil put such things in your head as poisons, prisons and executions, and what can they have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?"

"This much, that it is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and of liberty—it is under the reign of reason that these things will come to pass. Yes, it may emphatically be called the reign of reason, for she will have her temples—nay, throughout the length and breadth of France there will be none save those erected in her honor."

"By my faith," says Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, "you will not be one of her priests." "I hope not; but you, M. Chamfort, will, and well worthy of being so you will prove yourself. You will open your veins; you will inflict on

yourself twenty-two wounds with a razor, and you will linger for some months after."

We gazed earnestly at him, yet still we laughed. "You, M. Veis d'Azry, will not open your veins yourself, but you will have them opened six times in one day for a fit of the gout, and you will die that same night. M. de Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold. You, M. Bailly, on the scaffold. You, M. de Malesherbes, also on the scaffold."

"Ah, blessed be God," said M. Rouché; "it appears that M. Cazotte wishes evil only to the Academy. He makes terrible terrible havoc there, and I thank heaven for it—"

"You—will also die on the scaffold."

"Oh, it is a wager," they cried on all sides;

"he has sworn to exterminate us all."

"No, it is not I who have sworn it."

"Will we then be under the rule of Turks or Tartars?"

"Not so; you will then be governed by philosophy and reason alone. Those who will betray you will all be philosophers; they will have constantly in their mouths the same phrases that you have bandied about this last hour; they will repeat all your maxims, and quote like you the verses of Diderot and Voltaire."

They whispered to each other, "the man is crazy," (for he preserved the utmost gravity.)

"Do you not see," said one, aloud, "that is all jest, and do you not know that there is always something marvellous mixed up with his pleasant-ries?"

"Yes," replied Chamfort, "but nothing pleasant ever mingles with his marrels. He is too tragic."

"When will all this happen?"

"Six years will not pass away until all these things will be fulfilled."

"These would be miracles, indeed," 'Twas I, (La Harpe), who spoke, "but you say nothing about me. Why do you not say something about me?"

"You will be a miracle at least as extraordinary. You will then be a Christian."

This was greeted by exclamations on all sides.

"Ah!" resumed Chamfort, "I breathe freely once more, if we do not die until La Harpe becomes a Christian we are immortal."

"Fortunately for us women," said the Duchesse de Grammont, we are of no account in revolutions. When I say of no account, I do not mean that we take no part in it, but merely that we are not liable to suffer for doing so, for our sex!"

"Your sex, madame, will be no protection in those days; if you meddle in anything of that kind you will be treated exactly like men, without any difference whatever."

"What are you telling us about, Mr. Cazotte? It must be the end of the world you are preaching."

"I know not that, but this I do know, Madame La Duchesse, that you and many noble ladies with you, will be conveyed to the scaffold in a cart, and your hands tied behind your back."

"Ah! I hope in that case I shall have at least a carriage hung with black to convey me there."

"No, Madame, the highest ladies will have no better conveyance and no better treatment than you."

"The highest ladies! What! Princesses of the blood?"

"Higher yet."

There was a precipitate movement in the company, and the countenance of the host darkened. They began to think that the joke was carried too far, and Madame de Grammont, to dispel the uneasiness, did not insist on a reply, but said, in an indifferent tone,

"I suppose they will grant me nothing but a confessor?"

"They will not grant you that. The last person to whom they will grant that favor will be —" He paused a moment.

"Well! what privileged mortal will enjoy that prerogative?"

"One who has lost every other—the King of France."

The host and his guests rose abruptly. He went to M. Cazotte, and in a serious tone of voice said, "My dear M. Cazotte, this doleful pleasantry has lasted too long; you have pushed it too far; even to the extent of compromising yourself and all present."

Cazotte, without replying, rose to depart, when Madame de Grammont, anxious to restore their former cheerful gaiety, advanced to him and said, "M. le Prophete, you have predicted our future good fortune, but you have said nothing about your own."

He remained for sometime silent, and his eyes sought the ground.

"Madame, you have read Josephus' description of the siege of Jerusalem?"

"Yes, who has not; but proceed as if I had not."

"Well, Madame, during that siege a man ran round the ramparts for seven days in sight of the besiegers and besieged, crying with loud boding voice, 'Woe to Jerusalem! On the seventh day he cried, 'Woe to myself, and at that moment a large stone thrown from the engines of the besiegers struck him and tore him in pieces.'"

So saying, M. Cazotte bowed and retired.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY, Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will be noted with that attention to sterling virtue and piety which their importance, Church Dedication occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a blank without detriment to sterling virtue and piety, already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my aid and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

"JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

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ED. DUNN & BRO.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

THE ONLY COUNTRY IN WHICH THERE IS NO UNION BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE.

The United States of North America are the only country in which the State and the Church have been deliberately severed, so that each might move in its own sphere, undisturbed by the operations of the other. This was a novel experiment, but considering the great variety of creeds professed by the people of the thirteen colonies, both before and after the Revolution, the expediency of the separation was obvious; since no single denomination could be taken under the protection of the civil government without giving offence to all the other sects. To this circumstance we are probably indebted for the wise provision made in the Constitution, ordaining that Congress "shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." No such prohibition is to be found in any other Constitution with which the history of the human race has made us acquainted. In all other nations, from their very origin, religion, whether true or false, was blended with the fundamental laws of the civil government, and became a portion of the institutions of the State.

Foreigners are oftentimes puzzled in their attempts to comprehend the separation of Church and State under our Federal Union, and even some who are not foreigners have not hesitated to condemn the system precisely on this account. Both maintain that a civil government, as such, should recognize its responsibility to our Creator by instituting and protecting what they would call the Church. They infer that the Government has no Christian character—that it is necessarily either infidel or irreligious. But the inference is not warranted by fact. If the people of this country had been all of the same religion—whether Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics or Lutherans—the framers of the Constitution being themselves of the same creed, would in all probability have recognized that creed as the religion of the country. Nor would it have been surprising that they should have done so. But as matters stood, an attempt to patronize

one sect rather than another, where sects were so numerous and jealous of each other, would have defeated their best efforts at framing a Constitution for the government of all. Neither does the omission imply that the Government itself under the Constitution is necessarily either infidel or irreligious. The members of Congress and of the Cabinet, including the President himself, the members of the Judiciary, have all the same right, and we might add the same duty to serve and obey God each according to the dictates of an upright conscience, which are secured to and incumbent on the humblest citizen.

The framers of the Constitution were too wise and too far-sighted to adopt in that great instrument any phrase which might be construed as a recognition in them of the power or the right to prescribe or prohibit any special form of religion. If they had said, "All religions shall be tolerated," it would imply that the supreme power of the State was competent to tolerate or to deny toleration, and this very competency which would be thus indirectly assumed is that which they, for themselves and their successors, repudiated and denied.

It does not follow from all this that religion has not its place in the country, and without entering into the question of creeds, or sects, Christianity is fundamentally recognized in the Constitution and laws of the land. In other states the protection of some form of religion is regarded as a great bond of loyalty to the government, and wherever the people of a nation are entirely, or in great part, members of the national creed, this is, no doubt, true. The truth of the fact is evidenced by the popular unwillingness of the subjects or citizens to see any change that is likely to affect or overthrow the established religion. In periods of revolution, if we except the great French Anarchy of 1794, the people are willing to receive changes in almost every department of government, but never prepared for a change in the national religion.

It is true that the civil power in several of the States of South America, and some in Europe, has attempted to put aside the national religion, or rather to allow the free introduction of every other. But these attempts have been rarely successful. The body of the people in those countries have been ready to hail all improvements in the amelioration of the government itself, but there is no instance in which they have yielded a cordial assent to innovations on the established creed.

Hence, however desirable it might be, it is one of the most difficult and dangerous experiments for any government in such countries to attempt the overthrow of the national and hereditary religion. And, much as we may regret the apparent intolerance of many countries, whether Catholic or Protestant, we should be just enough to acknowledge the difficulties to be encountered in any open attempt to destroy the connection between Church and State.

On the other hand, and for corresponding reasons, we believe and trust that it would be not only difficult but impossible for the Government of the United States to make a selection of a creed, and wed it to the supreme civil authority as a State religion. So may it ever be. In the mean time, the security of the State itself is deeply interested in the prevalence of religion among the people. The rulers are not hereditary. They are chosen by their fellow citizens. These should cast their votes not only sagaciously for the good of the country, but honestly. Hence, the conscience is essential in the great act of voting as well as in every other act of moral life. Now the State cannot train or inform a conscience. This must be accomplished by religion, and happily, however much they may differ on other points, all religion inculcates loyalty to the country.

The Catholics were too unimportant to count for much at the period when the Constitution was framed; nor is there any just reason to suppose even had it been otherwise, that they would have been ex-

cluded from the great, broad principle inscribed on that immortal document. There is no religion that inculcates as a principle of duty, loyalty to the nation, and integrity in discharging the duties of a citizen with more earnestness, or with more efficiency, than the Catholic.

Catholics, indeed, may be influenced like their fellow-citizens of other creeds, by appeals from this or that political leader, in regard to any given question of State policy, or a choice between rival candidates for the same office. In such instances, if they err, they will err in common with either of what will afterwards turn out to be two parties—one the majority, the other the minority—both comprising in the main the great body of their fellow-citizens of all creeds. Minorities are comparatively inglorious, but they forfeit none of their rights as citizens on that account. Majorities must consider them as their equals in all things except the distribution of political favors—and then it only remains for the defeated to wait and work on in a legal and patriotic spirit, with the hope of building up their own majority at the next contest.

Whatever would be the error of judgment on the part of Catholic voters, it is certain that the inculcations of their religion impresses them with the duty of casting their vote for the candidate, or the measure most likely to promote the interests of the nation at large, irrespective of creeds. To suppose that they have a certain mysterious religious organization, is to suppose an absurdity, contradicted by every fact in their history, utterly motiveless and incomprehensible.

And before the Constitution the account will be fairly balanced by the simple statement, that through a happy necessity all denominations are mutually bound to tolerate each other, to live in peace and in the harmony of good neighborhood. This principle once broadly established in the popular mind, would induce the conviction that any attempt to violate the rights of any one religious denomination, would involve the rights of each and all others.

The Catholics, of all denominations, have most reason to be satisfied with the Constitution as it is, under which their protection in all their rights is guaranteed. Neither can they accept from the benevolent arrogance of any majority, the declaration that this is a Protestant country, which shows its liberality by tolerating them. Such toleration, if any such exists, is of a social and mutual character. On that subject majorities and minorities are equal.

Notwithstanding the theory and practice of our government, in separating religion from the civil power, the affairs peculiar to each department must necessarily interpenetrate each other. For religion has its temporal and secular rights, and these the civil government is bound to protect under equal laws. And though religion itself does not assume to control the civil government, still the action of the latter will produce either satisfaction or discontent, in proportion as the laws are justly framed and fairly administered, or the contrary.

THE BILL TO CUT OFF AID FROM INCORPORATED CHARITIES.

We have seen in one of our exchange papers, which has been mislaid, that there is the project of a bill now before the Legislature of this State, having for its object to deprive the colored orphans of the asylum in this city of the pittance that has hitherto been allowed them by the liberality of the State in aid of the private benevolence which has secured for them protection and a home. The editor of the paper to which we have referred accompanied the announcement with a remark, that if from motives of retrenchment and economy the present Legislature should repeal the "little blackies," then the "little whities" might as well stand aside of their own accord.

This would appear rather trifling with a subject of broader import than the writer contemplated. Let us suppose that the present Legislature is bent upon completing and enlarging our most important State

work, viz., the Erie canal, and with a view to that result have inaugurated theories of retrenchment and economy. Is it worthy of the State of New York for them to begin by depriving the colored orphans, or the white orphans, of the pittance which has been hitherto accorded by wiser legislation to them both. They should begin at the other end of the question. Let them retrench and economize on the expenditure of millions that have been appropriated, and it is said often corruptly appropriated, to the completion or enlargement of that everlasting and unfinished canal. The support which private benevolence, with the smallest aid from the State, furnishes to black and white orphans, is in itself a vast saving on the public treasury of the State and the people. Those unhappy creatures would have to be supported at any rate, and in the case of every destitute child maintained by private associated benevolence, there is an economy of at least seventy-five per cent. as compared with what their support would cost the public, if private benevolence had remained insensible to their destitution.

Is it then wisdom on the part of our present Legislature to withdraw the other twenty-five per cent. that has hitherto been given towards the same charitable objects, with a view to retrenchment and economy in the disbursement of public funds? We cannot congratulate the author of this bill on the evidence of statesmanship in this small effort. It does not augur for him an open avenue to the White House. But perhaps he is satisfied with the political honors he has already acquired, and is willing to die off in the smoke or glory that must result from his attempt to deprive orphans and other destitute beings of the bread which public generosity and legislative wisdom had, up till this time, allowed them to eat, in a small measure, at the expense of the Treasury. The people of the State will not thank him, or the Legislature of which he is a member, for having introduced or enacted so petty, and we had almost said, inhuman an economy. The very contractor who is to widen the canal or to enlarge the locks, will gulp down, under a favored contract, the whole savings of this economy, and feel no obligation of either thanks or gratitude to those who have presented to his palate such a *bon bouche* taken from the starving mouth of orphans, whether white or black. Neither will this entrenchment of public expense do much towards the completion of the canals. The appropriation in aid of private incorporated institutions of charity for a single year would scarcely be sufficient to widen even in level water the canals for the distance of one mile. It would certainly be insufficient to build a decent lock according to the new pattern. But the measure, after all, may show a disposition to retrench expenditures, and enable those who are charged with the completion of our public works to be just so much the more generous and liberal towards contractors and others employed in prosecuting what appears to be the endless task of the Empire State, so gloriously conceived in its origin, and hitherto so prosperously prosecuted. If funds having some proportion to the expense of the unfinished work cannot be raised, and if by the bill above alluded to, the necessary deficiency can be made up, then by all means let orphans, black and white, go to bed superfluous—provided that by this small retrenchment of public expenditure, our State works may be brought to a successful completion.

DECREASE IN THE EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND—WHAT IT INDICATES.

At the last weekly meeting of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, which was held on Wednesday, February 9, the annual report for the year ending December, 1858, was read. The document is one of the most important that has been presented to the public from this body for many years, not so much for the facts it contains as for the gratifying conclusions that may be drawn from a consideration of them in connection with other circum-

stances. We are told that "the year 1868 has been marked throughout by the greatly lessened number of alien emigrants who arrived during the year in the United States and especially at this port." The total number for whom commutation was paid, or special bonds executed, was 78,589, which shows a reduction of 105,186 on that of 1866, while the proportion to the average of former years, we are further informed, is less than one half. Of the 78,587 who arrived in this city in the year 1868, 31,874 were from Germany, 25,075 from Ireland, and 12,824 from England.

The report contains a large amount of information but it relates mainly to the receipts and expenses of the Board and other matters with which we do not at present intend to occupy the attention and time of our readers. The important fact which it presents is to be found in the great decrease which has taken place in the yearly emigration, and particularly in the emigration from Ireland. We say it is an important fact and our readers will agree with us when they reflect on the improvement which it indicates in the condition of the Irish people at home, and of which we have still stronger proof in the increasing growth of the commerce of the country, in the growing demand for its manufactures, in the enlarged development of its agricultural resources and in the successful establishment of a line of steamers between this port and Galway. Labor is in greater demand all over the country than it has been for many years and receives in consequence better remuneration; land that was formerly waste and unproductive has been brought under cultivation, factories of all kinds have been stimulated to renewed activity by the demand for their products, and the whole country presents a most cheering prospect contrasted with her condition some five or six years ago, when her people were driven to every part of the world to seek the means of subsistence, which through legal oppression and tyranny they were deprived of at home.

A feeling of discontent, it is true, still pervades the country, but if we look at the unjust and iniquitous legislation to which the Irish people have so long been subjected, every candid mind must admit that it is not without justifiable reasons. The fact is that Ireland has been too much governed, and the only wonder is, that she has not long ago been legislated out of existence. From the time the country might be said to have passed under English domination she has never for a dozen years together been able to realize the benefits of the let-alone policy, for like a patient under the hands of an unskillful physician, she has never had a fair opportunity of trying her powers or of testing the vigor and strength of her constitution. Thus, we see a movement at the present time on the part of a portion of her aristocracy and land proprietors to place the peasantry under a system of coercion that would inevitably lead to a state of perpetual insurrection. The justification for such a policy is said to be the discovery of a so-called conspiracy against the Government—a discovery which is based upon the detection and arrest of a number of clubs, the members of which are charged with the design of attempting to overthrow British rule in the island. It is almost needless to state that the reason here alleged for the infliction of such an outrage upon the whole country is too shallow a pretext to meet with favor or approval even from the most anti-Irish members of the English government, by some of whom it is denounced as calculated to produce the very evils which it is said to be intended to prevent.

Despite, however, of the alleged secret political societies, and despite too of the proposed system of coercion, the gratifying fact that the condition of the nation has materially improved and is still improving cannot be denied, and we trust the day is not far distant when the Irish people will

attain to such a degree of prosperity and independence that they will not be compelled to leave their own country to seek for the means of subsistence in any other, no matter how friendly that other may be.

ADMISSION OF OREGON INTO THE UNION.

The question of the admission of Oregon into the Confederacy of States was settled by the action of the House of Representatives on the 12th inst., concurring with the bill from the Senate on the subject. The Union now numbers thirty-three States and in five or ten years its bounds will be still further enlarged by three others which are now in process of organization.

The new state of Oregon is mainly indebted for her entrance into the Union at this early day to the wonderful growth and development of California. At the time when the whole country was thrown into a fever of excitement by the news of the discovery of gold in her sister State of the Pacific, the population of Oregon did not exceed fourteen thousand and the inducements presented to emigrants were not of the most favorable character. The Indian population of the country numbered about twenty thousand, but this has been considerably reduced by the almost incessant warfare, which till very recently has existed between them and the whites. At the date of the last United States Census there were 132,857 acres of land under cultivation, and if we allow for the increase which must have taken place in the population since that time, the number cannot be less at the present time than 300,000. The largest town in the State is Portland, the population of which is about eight thousand. There are besides the towns of Salem and Milton and Oregon City, each of which has about one thousand inhabitants. Although considerably inferior to California in all those material resources which constitute the real wealth of a country, Oregon is destined to occupy a prominent position in the sisterhood of States. Her climate is mild, and in winter is more moderate than that of our Eastern States; while those portions of the soil that can be brought under cultivation amply repay the labor of the husbandman. Her admission into the Union will give a great impetus to the development of all her resources, and will doubtless result in a large increase to the population from the encouragement it affords to emigration. In commerce she occupies, it is true, a very subordinate position compared with California and the older States on the Atlantic coast, but the future is full of promise, and who can tell what the extension of civilization to the western shores of Asia may not effect in that important particular. The day will come when the whole of that great continent, from which the world was peopled, shall be placed in complete commercial intercourse with our country, and when even the few remaining barriers of Asiatic exclusiveness must be broken down. In the benefits which must follow this revolution Oregon, from her position, will come in for no mean share.

THE WAR EXCITEMENT IN EUROPE.—The last news from Europe is terribly warlike. France is engaged in active preparations, and is assuming a most belligerent aspect. England, though not so pugnaciously inclined, is also making ready for the contest which is said to be approaching. Austria has all her available forces marshalled, and is calculating her resources for the day of battle, while portions of Italy, Poland and Hungary are, according to the latest intelligence, "considerably agitated." If all this should really end in war, it will be a war which England will find it next to impossible to avoid getting into.

LECTURE AT ST. PETER'S.—The Very Reverend J. Donovan, D.D., will lecture in St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on Sunday evening, Feb. 27, at 8 o'clock. Subject: "The exalted dignity of Christian Charity, and its Practical Illustration by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

A LECTURE ON SHAMS.

BY
RIGHT REV. J. ROOSEVELT BAYLEY,
BISHOP OF NEWARK, N. J.
Delivered at the Newark Catholic Institute,
February 9, 1859.

[Reported exclusively for the Metropolitan Record.]

The spacious lecture hall of the Newark Catholic Institute was filled to overflowing on the evening of the 9th instant, by a respectable audience, who had assembled to hear the lecture of the Right Rev. Bishop Bayley on the prolific subject of "Shams." The Institute is well known among the Catholics in the diocese of the Right Rev. lecturer; but for those who are not aware of what has been done by the Church in this part of the United States for its members, we may say that it is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country, and possesses more general features of interest perhaps than any other that has been recently established. It is situated on New street, and occupies a large share of the block on which it has been erected. Besides the lecture hall, it has a well-selected library, a reading room, a book store, a gymnasium, music rooms, a ball court, and other no less attractive features. It is designed to supply the place of that class of amusements which have done so much to deprave and vitiate the minds of young men, for while it affords the means of physical recreation, it also presents, in its library, its reading room and the lectures which are occasionally given, every opportunity for intellectual and mental culture. It has been but a short time in existence, and yet, such is its success that they already contemplate the erection of an additional building to meet the demands that are made upon it by the rapidly increasing number of its members. The Institute is under the Presidency of Rev. B. J. McQuaid, and numbers over three hundred members.

On the evening in question the lecture hall was, as we have said, filled to overflowing, and this too despite of one of the most unpleasant and (for a lecture) one of the most unfavorable nights that could have been selected. The Catholics of Newark, however, don't seem to care much about the weather, if we may judge from their attendance on this occasion. Among those on the platform, besides the Right Rev. Bishop, were the Very Rev. P. Moran, V. G.; Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Pastor of the Cathedral; Rev. G. H. Doane, Rev. M. Gervais, Rev. R. Seidenbusch, O. S. B.; Rev. Louis Fink, and other gentlemen. The proceeds of the lecture are to be devoted to the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society of Newark.

The Right Rev. lecturer commenced by saying that an apology for a lecture had become as indispensable now-a-days as a preface to a book. The modern preface may be considered as the author's apology for having written the work, a *plea ad misericordiam*, a motion for arrest of judgment, to use a legal term, but the ancient preface was an index, a bill of fare, that made one hungry to look at, or like an oyster taken before dinner to give an appetite for the good things that were to come. After some humorous remarks the Very Reverend lecturer continued: I have no very great opinion of lectures and lecturers in general. I think it is the worst way of teaching anything and the worst way of learning anything. We have lectures on every subject—political lectures, scientific lectures, religious lectures, and this system, in connection with our literature, has helped to make us the superficial people we are. We learn a great deal on every subject and know little of any.

The subject of this evening's lecture is "Shams," not a very euphonious, but a very expressive word. Carlyle, the professed opponent of all shams, who has built up a literary reputation principally on this basis, and whom very many persons consider a striking example of a sham himself, uses the word in an abstract sense, as the opposite of reality, and in a restricted personal sense as the opposite of sincerity. But I prefer to consider shams as the opposite not of sincerity, but of truth, which will at once give us a different standpoint and a different rule for judging.

With Carlyle all that is necessary to constitute what he calls a true man is sincerity or earnestness. Let a man devote all his physical energies, and all his mental faculties, to the attainment of any object, no matter how ignoble, no matter how unworthy, and he is at once qualified for a place in Carlyle's category of true men. In his life of

Frederick the Second of Prussia, a book he has published lately, but which I have not read, the same feature is, I understand, apparent—the same measure of morality is used, the same rule of action is invariably applied. Frederick is written down a hero. But what does history say? What is the character of the man? Infidel in his writings, profligate in his conduct, violating his duty in every relation of life, but sincere in his selfish policy of aggrandizement, and earnest in carrying out his own projects, to a degree that might well excite the enthusiasm of his historian. But remembering our definition of the word that supplies us with subject matter for a lecture, we do not hesitate to pronounce Frederick the Great an unmistakable Sham. Carlyle's admiration for earnestness, without regard to the cause in which it is displayed, is evinced in his life of Robespierre, whom he does not openly and avowedly praise, but tacitly and by implication. And yet according to our definition Robespierre was a sham. He was undoubtedly an earnest, therefore, according to Carlyle, a true man; and so is Prudhon, who dedicated his last work to the devil, and who declares that "property is robbery." You cannot read a page of his writings without being convinced that the man is thoroughly sincere, yet, wanting truth, what is he but a sham? I admit that sincerity is a very good thing; sincerity is next to truth, but it is next to it as San Francisco is the next city on the Pacific Coast to St. Louis—a great way off. For my part, I think too much credit has been given to sincerity when disavowed from truth. If a man is in error he is dangerous just in proportion to his sincerity and earnestness. Your great bad men who are too sincere to be hypocrites, and too earnest to be stayed by scruples, are just the men to turn the world upside down to suit their own purposes. These are they who do the mischief, and not your half-way, timid secondaries. Yet these men having sincerity but lacking truth, what are they but shams? It is not to be expected that I should go over all the different kinds of shams, even if I had the necessary time, supposing that my lungs and your patience could hold out, for in that case my lecture would be nothing more than a *catalogue raisonnee*; but we must not omit a few of the more prominent. There is the literary sham, the historic sham, the social sham, the patriotic sham, the political sham, and the religious sham. On the last and most important of these, fortunately for us, I need not speak. There is no danger of any one here being humbugged by a sham religion; on that point you are safe. You might be made to believe in any other sham but that. You might believe, for instance, that in this country all men are born equal; that here all have equal chances and equal privileges, where prejudices are so rife; you might be even made to believe that the permanence of our institutions, the integrity of the Union, the stability of our Constitution—nay, more, the interests of the whole human race,—a favorite phrase of the philanthropic philosophers of the day—are all depending on the vote you are about to throw for Alderman or councilman. But they cannot make you believe, I will not say in Martin Luther, nor in John Calvin, nor in John Knox, nor in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, nor in the Seven Articles of Presbyterianism, nor in the Synod of Dort; but they cannot make you believe that God made a revelation to the world, and no man knows where it is; they cannot make you believe that it is a matter of indifference what religion a man professes, and they cannot make you believe that of forty-nine religions all are equally true. They cannot make you believe those things. And I must say, though I have known instances of individual Catholics being fairly taken off their feet by a good strong windy sham, yet, as a people, we have a wonderful facility for nosing out humbugs. Catholics do not fall into ecstasies over every new-fangled idea, nor do they run after "isms" of any kind, Fourierism, Free-Loveism, Spiritualism or Mormonism, for though the Church is a spiritual and not a temporal faculty though she deals with things of Heaven and not of earth, yet by watching her action and lovingly observing her spirit, we may pass unharmed through many a worldly ordeal. The celestial light which she sheds on matters of eternal import, often pass these boundaries and throw on earthly things a radiance that human judgment cannot hope to equal.

As I said, we have nothing to do with religious shams, for we are in the Ark, and we prefer the good old weather-beaten Ark of God's Church, which has withstood many a storm of heresy and schism to modern cockle-shells, no matter how gaily they may be painted or how richly they may be gilt. These may do very well for a pleasure excursion; they may do near the shore, or while the skies are fair, but when the storm comes and drives us out to sea; when the waves roll over and the winds howl around us and no shores in sight, then we wish to be in the Ark that fears no shipwreck and shrinks from no storm. Then if we wish to be in the Ark let us get into her now; if we wish to die in her let us live in her. The hour of death is not the time for mounting a ship's side.

After some remarks on the so-called Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, and the falsehoods by which the Reformers of the day endeavored to excuse their schism—falsehoods, which the Very Reverend lecturer likened to the cotton bales that Jackson made use of at New Orleans, which were not solid, but yet answered the purpose for the time—he continued: a candid Protestant historian has declared that "forgery was the crime of the Reformation," and another says that for the last three hundred years history appears to be written for no other purpose but to deceive. But of late years some learned and thoughtful Germans have examined into these falsehoods, taken the substance out of them, and the wind has blown the rest away. A brief and amusing description of the different shams, their divisions and sub-divisions then followed; their injurious effects upon public morals were depicted, and their agency in perverting our natural ideas of right and wrong dwelt upon and exposed. But, he continued, though the world appears to be full of shams, though they are around and about us, assuming the holiest forms and alloying the loftiest principles, yet there is one Great Reality even here. That Great Reality is our holy religion. Let us keep that pure and intact, follow its heavenly precepts, and transmit it to our descendants perfect and unadulterated as we received it. In order to do this, let us as we pass through this world keep our eyes wide open for shams, and carefully guard our children from the evil influences of sham religion and false principles of action. Let us remember that this country is particularly favorable to the growth and increase of shams—the freedom we enjoy here, the latitudinarianism that prevails, the daily increasing indifference about settled forms of faith tend to foster this state of things, just as our rich exuberant prairies yield monster vegetables, but likewise Brodignagian weeds. I have said there is one great reality in this world for us—that everything connected with our holy religion, however remotely, is a reality. The Society in whose behalf I have addressed you this evening is a reality gratifying and creditable to all connected with it. So is this building they have erected, and above all, so is the good they have done. After some commendatory remarks on the institution and the objects for which it was established, the Very Rev. lecturer concluded.

ST. LOUIS OF FRANCE, OR THE SAINTLY ROYALTY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

A LECTURE, BY DR. J. V. HUNTINGTON.

The second of the course of Catholic Sunday Evening Lectures was delivered last Sunday evening, the 13th inst., at Mozart Hall, by Dr. J. V. Huntington, who is so well known in the walks of literature as the author of "The Forest," "Alban," "Blonde and Brunette," and other books. The hall was filled by a respectable and appreciative audience, who testified their gratification by frequent marks of approval. Among those on the platform were Father Lafont, Father Gockeln, and other members of the Catholic clergy.

The lecturer commenced by contrasting the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Centuries—one so spiritual, the other so material—one the age of authority and docility, the other of induction and observation. In the Thirteenth Century every individual member of a community was looked upon and legislated for as the possessor of an immortal soul; in the Nineteenth, as a material being, who may or may not exist after death in another state. The Thirteenth Century was the brightest portion of the Middle Ages; it could boast an Alburic Magnus, a St. Bonaventura, a St. Thomas and a St. Louis—it was the age of chivalry and the crusades, the age of feudality and loyalty. The lecturer referred to the different orders that influenced the state of society and the opinions of men in that age—the Church,

the Kings, and the Feudal Chiefs—the first by its centralization and unity of ideas, preserving in men's minds the recollection of a common origin and common destiny; the third by breaking up society into minute fragments, developing individuality and personal independence; and the second holding the balance between the two extremes, resisting the tendency to centralization on the one side, and disintegration on the other. The lecturer contended that sufficient justice had not been done to the kingly state; that but for its modern civilization would have assumed a very different form; that the different sectionalities were indebted to it for their cohesion, and the different races for their vitality; that the principle of allegiance to a common sovereign was a stronger bond between men than identity of race, and that it was the only sure guarantee for national existence. He then spoke of St. Louis as an example of kingly excellence, uniting in his own person the virtues of a legislator and a sovereign, a soldier and a saint—quoted extracts from Hume and Hallam, from Voltaire and Guizot—infidel and Protestant historians—to prove that the highest eulogies of Catholic writers did only justice to the exalted character of the canonized King. The lecturer then gave a condensed sketch of the life of Louis; the reforms he effected in every department of the Government; the establishment of High Courts of Appeal; the blow he gave the feudal system by refusing to acknowledge the right of a Feudal Lord accused of murder to prove his innocence of the charge by the ordeal of battle, and judging him on the evidence; his establishment of libraries and religious institutions, and his first and second Crusades. His, said the lecturer, was the only one amid the long roll of royal and princely names that has received the saintly title—he alone, out of all those that gave up home and friends to deliver the Holy Land from the power of the Infidel, has had his brow crowned with the aureole of a saint. The extreme sensitiveness of the kings conscience, the lecturer attributed to Blanche of Castile, his saintly mother who had labored to inspire her son, from his tenderest youth, with a horror of sin, and who was in the habit of saying to him, "My son, I love you more than any other creature God has made, but if it were necessary I would rather see you dead at my feet than that you should commit one mortal sin." The character of Queen Blanche was faithfully portrayed—her administrative talent, her persuasive powers, her personal fascinations, her maternal love and her Christian virtues. The lecturer dwelt at some length on the zeal of Louis, his personal bravery, his austerities, the patient fortitude with which he endured suffering and captivity, and his noble resolution not to purchase his liberty by the payment of a sum that would overburden his people. The lecturer also described minutely the circumstances of Louis's death, which took place on the 25th of August, 1270, at the same hour as it was remarked, that our Saviour expired on the cross.

OUR LEGISLATIVE BODIES. NATIONAL.

SENATE.—The principal measures before Congress are the acquisition of Cuba, and the retrenchment of expenditures in the various Departments. With regard to the first, one member urges that Cuba is not for sale and that Spain will never part with her except at the cost of much bloodshed. He also intimates that the proposition is not made in good faith as the time chosen for it is out of joint. Another member thinks that Spain having lost all her possessions on the Gulf coast cannot reasonably expect to retain Cuba. He argues that the commerce of the Gulf, having resorted to us, the key which locks and unlocks it should naturally fall into our possession, and declares that the people of Cuba are willing to be annexed to the United States, that there is no affinity except that of blood between them and the people of Spain, which will count for nothing in this case as it did in Mexico and in the struggle between this country and Great Britain. It was proposed by another member that instead of purchasing Cuba we should appropriate fifty millions to purchase land in Yucatan or Central, or South America and locate there a colony of free negroes.

The retrenchment of public expenditures is a very interesting subject just now, and absorbs a great deal of attention, both in and out of Congress.

A resolution was proposed that the Presi-

dent be instructed to request the heads of Departments to prepare their estimates for 1860 on a basis not exceeding fifty millions of dollars, exclusive of the interest of the public debt, and that that part of the President's Message be referred to the Committee on Finance. It was referred to a Select Committee.

In the course of a long and animated debate on this subject, some were for effecting a wholesale retrenchment by cutting off one half of the army and navy on the ground that there was nothing uncalculated for. The army was declared to be a gulf which swallowed up the revenue, and a member wanted to know why nine millions that in 1850 was sufficient for the army, and seven for the navy, is not enough now. The Post Office Department is stated to have absorbed nearly nine millions of the deficiency over the estimates, and it is urged that it should be made self-sustaining.

A petition from Messrs. O'Reilly, Speed and Shaffner for means to construct a telegraph to the Pacific, was unfavorably received.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The principal feature of interest was the admission of Oregon as an independent State. After many amendments had been proposed and rejected, it passed as it came from the Senate. There is a sweeping reduction of expenditures going on in the House. We have \$200,000 for the mileage of members, \$10,000 for furniture and repairs, \$73,000 for the Congressional Globe and reporting the proceedings, a reduction of \$100,000 in workmen's wages at the mint in San Francisco, over \$20,000 in the New York Assay office, also a reduction in the New Orleans branch mint, and \$227,000 for the purchase of property now leased for court purposes—all struck off. In a debate on the deficiency exhibited in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, one member proposed using government bonds, and expressed his belief that in two years the country would recover from its financial troubles. Another member would never consent to issue treasury notes until he could see a clear way of paying them. The Secretary had made a mistake of forty millions of dollars. In consequence of this, he did not think it safe to rely on his estimates.

STATE.

SENATE.—A bill to introduce steam on our canals was reported favorably—also one to pay Gov. King the expenses of the Staten Island troops. A bill was introduced authorizing Charles O'Connor, Hamilton Fish and Henry R. Selden to draft a new chart for the City of New York, and report the same to the next Legislature. A member gave notice of a bill to prohibit the erection of Quarantine buildings on Long Island or Coney Island. A bill creating a Board of Health, and choosing medical men as city inspectors was favorably considered. A bill to incorporate the Brooklyn Academy of Music was passed. A resolution to add two members to the Investigating Committee gave rise to some curious developments. A member declared that he had been offered money to absent himself from the committee. This he was prepared to prove at the proper time. When pressed to give the name of the Senator who attempted to bribe him, he said it was a friend of his who had been approached in this manner by a member of the Lower House, and also by a lobbyist man. Another member declared that he was persecuted by the lobby, being followed wherever he went by them—even his home did not protect him.

ASSEMBLY.—Among the bills presented before the Assembly and favorably reported, we mention one to close the tunnel in Atlantic street, Brooklyn, and discontinuing the use of steam; and another to protect the grave yards by prohibiting the running of streets through them. Notice was given of a bill requiring any person bringing an action for slander to give ample security for the costs. The Canal Tax bill being under discussion it was opposed by some on the ground that while it imposed a tax of \$875,000 it had made no adequate provision for the final or ultimate completion of the work. A depth of six feet was by one member considered preferable as it would only entail an expense of \$600,000. This was answered by the assertion that seven feet would cost very little more, that it would be more economical as it would not require improvements which a canal the depth of six feet inevitably would. A memorial was presented from the Common Council of New York asking salaries for its members. A bill to require the Brooklyn Common Council to raise \$10,000 in addition to the contribution for the erection of a monument to the Wallabout Martyrs. Quite a number of bills were brought in for widening the streets of New York, and for introducing railroads through Fifth, Hudson, Troy, Fourth, Bleeker, Crosby and other streets. A bill was brought in to amend the Schools Laws of

New York. It changes the representation in the Board of Education from Wards to Aldermanic Districts; places in their hands the appointment of local school officers, and prohibits local officers from increasing the compensation of favorite teachers.

MUNICIPAL.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—Very little business of importance was transacted in this branch of the Municipal Legislature, if we except its action on the report of the Special Committee on the tax levy, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. The following items were added by the committee: \$135,000 arrearages for the Metropolitan Police, and \$60,000 for completing the Battery Enlargement. The \$68,500 for W. B. Reynolds, the Official Contractor, and the claim of Harsen & Clark, \$48,600, are stricken out. The committee divide the City Inspector's expenditures as follows: Cleaning streets, &c., \$300,000; removing night soil, \$300,000; contingencies, \$1,000; cleaning markets, \$7,000; for Superintendent of Markets, \$10,000.

BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.—The transactions in this Board were not of sufficient consequence to notice.

LITERATURE.

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY DURING THE CONSULATE AND THE FIRST EMPIRE. By Miss PARDOE, author of "Court and Reign of Francis I., Life of Marie de Medici," Louis XIV and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," New York: Harper & Brothers.

Every age has its own peculiar way of writing history, and in the present day the fashion seems to be the romantic or dramatic style. Speeches, dialogues and soliloquies abound, and the labors of the historian are blent with or overlaid by those of the auto-biographer and the *conteur*. "Meanings that a man never had, or having kept concealed," are ascribed to them, and laid before the reader with a minuteness truly marvelous, but we give the investigation the credit due to invention, and generally admire the research of the historian, when we ought to ensure the assumption of the man. Of course the latitude that would be denied to a strictly historical work can be gracefully accorded to these disconnected sketches; we do not look for the severity of history in a work of less pretension, and we can take pleasure in a characteristic speech or anecdote without too curiously demanding the authority. In the work before us Miss Pardee never forgets the *raison d'être*—she may heighten the coloring, but she never changes the features, and what history does not supply she hasn't unhesitatingly endow. Boileau says: "L'esprit n'est point ennu; de ce qu'il en croit pas," and there never was a truer line written, for nothing can interest us that is not probable. Truth and Probability form the only groundwork for a writer to go upon, and Miss Pardee rarely loses sight of one and never of the other. Her fictions have the merit of being always in keeping with the scenes among which they are located and the character of the people they are intended to illustrate, while her descriptive and historical works are accurate in the minutest detail, and reliable in the most trivial incident.

Her present work does not aspire to the dignity of history; it is simply what its name denotes, "Episodes in French History" during the time of Napoleon; interesting in themselves and doubly so from the manner in which they are related. They do not follow each other in regular sequence, each stands alone, unconnected with what precedes or follows it, a fragment or a finished story as the case may be. To say that they are written by Miss Pardee is to say they are written with elegance and vivacity, for these two qualities are characteristic of her style. Some of the chapters have been compiled from rare original documents, communicated by persons cognizant of the facts narrated, and who had been mixed up with them either as actors or spectators. Some of the episodes, "The Train Bearers," "The Eve of the Coronation," and others, read like chapters in a historical romance. They have all the peculiarities, therefore all the charm of that species of composition, and we doubt not they will render the work all the more popular. The animated conversations which she reports for us are so life-like that if they did not take place they might have, and it requires no great amount of credulity to believe that they actually did. Her characters are not paraded always before the reader *en grande tenue*, for we are admitted to see them sometimes in undress and behind the scenes. Miss Pardee is no zealous, blind admirer of Napoleon, dazzled by his glory, for behind that glittering veil she saw the man, and while doing justice to his many good qualities, fails not to exhibit the shady side of his character, and show what a heterogeneous compound, what a mass of incongruities was the unfortunate Corsican. Magnanimity and the veriest meanness, the loftiest aims and attention to the merest trifles, disregarding the commonest forms of politeness to others and exacting punctilious ceremony to himself, proud of having achieved his position of being, as he himself expressed it, "the Rudolph of his family," yet as meanly proud of having high connections as any brainless parvenu, he was a perfect para-

doz. The different members of the Bonaparte family are introduced to the reader—the beautiful Pauline, the stern Madame Mere, and the kind-hearted, graceful Josephine. Other characters are brought upon the stage. Kings, generals, diplomats and courtiers. The tone of society during the Consulate and Empire is vividly described, and there is so much knowledge of the secret intrigues and machinations of the period displayed, that the reader cannot but regret that anything should have occurred to make the authoress forego her original intention of collecting these interesting and authentic fragments and binding them together in the enduring form of history.

The following sketch, which we extract from the book before us, will be read with much interest:

On the assassination of Gustavus III., King of Sweden, the regency of the kingdom, in consequence of the extreme youth of his successor, who had only just attained his fourteenth year, was confided to the brother of the late monarch, Charles, Duke of Sudermania, who, by duly fulfilling the duties of his somewhat onerous position until his nephew had attained his majority; and, withdrawing altogether from public affairs, he retired to his own estates, where he devoted himself to study and agriculture.

It was an evil day for Sweden on which he resigned the reins of government, and was replaced by the young sovereign, Gustavus Adolphus, whose reckless rule, combined with his hatred of the French Empire, which he was unable to cope, involved the country in perpetual disasters, and who at length found himself despoiled of Finland by Russia, and of Stralsund and Rugen by France, which, while it increased his difficulties, he excited the indignation of his subjects by carelessly disbanding his body-guard, which was exclusively composed of the nobility. While, therefore, the king, who sacrificed the interests of his people to his own senseless caprices, and who was unworthy of the throne he filled, the nation unanimously declared of the greatest of the great monarchs to deliver them from the sway of a monarch incompetent to reign over a free people. A conspiracy was consequently formed against him, and on the 8th of June, 1809, he was compelled to abdicate.

Gustavus IV. had married the Princess Frederica-Dorothea-Wilhelmina of Baden, and was the father of two Princes, who, by the popular voice, were excluded from the succession. The crown was placed upon the head of the Duke of Sudermania, the late regent, subsequently known as Charles XIII. The new sovereign, being childless, was compelled by the nation to make choice of an heir, who, according to the constitution, was to be legitimated by the sanction of the States; and he accordingly selected Prince Christian Augustus of Holstein-Augustenburg, whose crown death alone could deprive of him still remains an unsolved historical problem.

It would, perhaps, have been more worthy of a great and generous nation, after this fatal event, to have recalled—not the dethroned monarch, who had proved himself unworthy of the crown, but his eldest son, a high-hearted and noble young man, who would have doubtless retrieved all the errors of his father; but the States had not such a generous feeling, and, on those errors, and the States consequently decided that after the demise of Charles XIII. (one of whose first cares it had been on his accession to provide a peace with the crown of Sweden, whose military renown was second only to that of Napoleon himself).

The recipient was worthy of the boon. Charles John Bernadotte, the son of a count, and a nobleman, born in an obscure town, and apparently to the humblest fortune, was one of nature's own nobles. He had already proved himself to be not only a great soldier, but a great statesman; he was, in short, everything but a courtier; a fact to which he probably owed the facility with which he was permitted by his imperial master to take possession of a throne elevated beyond their wildest expectations, the Corsican Emperor was greedy of adulation, while Bernadotte, aware how frequently circumstances force the man, felt proud to maintain himself in the position of moral equality with his military rival, which caused his head to remain erect when his back should have been bowed; and his voice to be heard, when he should, according to court etiquette, and above all to the etiquette of a court so recently formed that its *diploma munda* had not yet effected the co-efficiency necessary to its dignity, have remained silent.

The European powers, however, looked with considerable distrust upon a decision which placed the crown of such a kingdom as Sweden upon the brow of a stranger, and that there were compelled to yield before the fiat of the States and people, who had unanimously declared in his favor; and Charles John had already won golden opinions from his future subjects, when an incident occurred which threw the whole of the country in far deeper mourning than the death of the Danish prince, his predecessor.

At the period of his enforced abdication, Gustavus IV. had assumed the title of Count of Holstein-Gottorp, and had gone to reside in Germany with his sons; but, from some unexplained cause, his wife, the ex-queen, Dorothea, had not accompanied him in his exile, and she still remained in Sweden, where her presence tended greatly to embarrass the old King her uncle, without at all contributing to the embellishment of his court.

Her reluctance to appear in public, even when her presence was expected by the rules of etiquette; and it was only on very rare occasions that she consented to receive the visitors in the persons of such of the higher Swedish nobles and her friends as did not fear to incur the displeasure of the Prince-Royal; while towards these she exhibited so much cold and haughty staidness that they rarely intruded on her privacy.

Anxious to ameliorate the position of his niece, Charles XIII. urged her to forget the past, with all its blighted ambition and ruined hopes, or, at least to control her grief, and to devote the time to the will of a free people had called to the throne. For a time she refused to make such a concession, and declared that the usurper should

never, so long as she had life to prevent it, penetrate beneath her roof; but at length, although with great apparent reluctance, she yielded to the entreaties of the King, and an invitation was issued to the whole court to attend a tea party, which was, according to custom, to be preceded by play.

All the bidden guests, astounded by so great a novelty, accordingly assembled in the saloons of the Queen, together with the foreign ambassadors and nobles who chanced to be at that period residing in the capital. The King alone was absent from severe indisposition, and it had been his wish to request that the entertainment should not be postponed. Nothing could be more gracious or more graceful than the reception accorded by the royal hostess to her distinguished guests, for whom the most beautiful preparations had been made; and as the crowd increased the card tables were rapidly occupied, while the whist party at the upper end of the state saloon was composed of Dorothea herself, Charles John, and the Ambassadors of England and Russia.

When tea was at length announced, that of Her Majesty and the Prince-Royal was served apart, upon a magnificent silver of chased gold; upon which, as if to do greater honor to her visitor, herself filled the two cups that had been prepared for them, and placing them upon a smaller silver near by, rose from her seat, and suddenly appearing to ignore her exalted rank, and the extent of such an act of condescension, presented it with her own hands to Bernadotte. Charles John, himself all truthfulness and cheerfulness, and studiously avoiding his momentary session of the cup which was nearest to him, bowed as he did so, in acknowledgment of the gracious courtesy of which he was the object, while the measure of a monarch's grace and gracefulness. Instantly convinced that the touch had been too marked for the mere effect of accident, his presence of mind did not forsake him; but, stilling himself of the salt water, he turned to her but also of the respect which I owe to your sex and rank. Rather suffer me to serve your Majesty. You will not, I feel convinced, deny me so proper a gratification.

The lips of Dorothea grew livid as she raised her eyes to his face, where they only met a calm and courteous smile, but ere long they fell beneath the Prince with a smile as gentle as peace on his own, and drained its contents to the very dregs.

On the ensuing day The Stockholm Gazette contained the following brief announcement:

"Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night."

Apoplexy usually assumes the responsibility of such deaths.

This much, as we know, is certain—that the wife of Gustavus IV. followed Prince Christian of Holstein-Augustenburg to the grave; and that Charles John Bernadotte lived to ascend the throne of Sweden.

SAINTLY CHARACTERS RECENTLY PROPOSED FOR CANONIZATION.

In a postscript to a paper published by Edward Dutton & Brother (James B. Kirkor), New York. By the Rev. W. H. Nellie, Ph.D.

The object of the present work is two fold in its nature, and it seems to be the desire of the author to afford the reader an opportunity of learning from the lives of holy men what will tend to his edification, and also to give him some idea of the way in which the process of canonization is carried on at Rome. Before proceeding to narrate the lives of the servants of God, he gives a brief history of the manner in which saints have been canonized in early times, and also of the mode in which it has been conducted since the establishment of the Congregation of Rites. Whilst this portion of the work is intended to be a guide to the general reader, it will not be found unworthy the attention of the scholar, as presenting to him in a short compass what it would require him to read many books in order to become acquainted with. The first life is that of Blessed Carlo of Montefalco, whose cause is surrounded with much interest in consequence of the length of time which it has been before the Holy See, and also of the many miracles connected with the body of saint, which, after five centuries, is in a state of perfect preservation. The cause was commenced before John XXI., but the troubles which arose during his time, when the Papal Court was held at Avignon, prevented its completion. Though the blessed Carlo has been long since venerated by her order, and in the Diocese, yet, as the present Pontiff had been Archbishop of Spoleto, in which Diocese Montefalco is situated, it is his desire that she should be placed in the calendar of the Church, and he had the cause, therefore, introduced before the Congregation of Rites.

The second life is that of the Venerable Francis of Gisiare, who belonged to the Franciscan Order, and died Jan. 25, 1832. For thirty-one years he never left his convent but once, and that was to make a pilgrimage. His entire time was devoted to prayer and meditation, and he seems to have been a wondrous instance of patience and humility. Father Stephen Bellesini occupies the third place. He belonged to the Order of St. Augustine, and though twelve years only had elapsed since his death, some progress has already been made in his canonization. When the religious orders were suppressed in Italy, at the time of the French Revolution, he retired to his native country and fixed his abode at Trent, so famous in ec-

clesiastical history, and devoted his time to the education of youth. The Revolutionary Government had established schools much on the same principle as the common schools of this country, in which religion was not made the basis of education. In opposition to these the servant of God at his own private expense established Catholic schools, in which the young were trained both in heavenly wisdom and in the knowledge of those things which would make them good citizens and useful members of society. On the restoration of the former Government he resigned the post of Director of the Public Schools to which he was appointed and joined his Order. As Master of Novices and afterwards as Parish Priest at Jemazzano, he showed such zeal and piety that he has been placed on the list of saintly characters, and is now about to be canonized.

Nor is the venerable Francis Bianchi, who died at Naples in 1816, less worthy of the attention of the reader. His sanctity and the miracles which he wrought have procured for him like honors. When immorality and infidelity prevailed to a fearful extent in the City of Naples, after the French Revolution, he, like another St. Philip Neri, was the means of affording spiritual consolation to thousands, being both their confessor and director. He was also the spiritual guide of blessed Mary Frances of the five wounds, whose cause for beatification he took such deep interest in. The life of Anna Maria Faigi, a pious Roman, will be read with interest, as showing how sanctity may be obtained even in the marriage state. The reader is then presented with an examination of the works of Grignon of Montfort, and shown the mode adopted by the Congregation of Rites in this part of the process of canonization. Nor are the modern martyrs neglected, for we have a detailed account of the labors of Father Chapeldaine, the first martyr and missionary of Futuna, and of the extraordinary results arising from his death, when in the face of five millions of idolaters, he converted the island to the faith. Neither are the martyrs of Corea, China, Cochinchina and Tonquin passed by: their faith, their zeal and their devotion are recorded. But perhaps the most interesting portion of this part of the work is the interrogation of the martyrs before the tribunals of the heathen judges, and the faith and constancy which they evince in their answers—the cause of ninety-six of those holy men is now before the Congregation of Rites. The congregation of the propaganda are the postulants in the cause, and everything consistent with the form usually observed will be made use of to hasten their canonization.

LIFE OF MADAME DE LA PELTRIE (MAGDALENE DE CHAUVIGNY), Foundress of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec. Written expressly for the People, and inscribed to them by a Member of the Society of New York. By James B. Kirkor.

This is a most interesting biographical sketch of Madame de la Peltrie, the foundress of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, and comprises the principal events of her varied and edifying life. It is a life of a woman who did not live in the present. Her luxurious home in France, her stormy passage across the Atlantic, before human skill and knowledge had rendered it comparatively safe and pleasant; her arrival in Quebec, where all turned out to receive and honor her, her ceaseless toil, her unremitting exertions for the poor Indians, whose welfare had urged her to leave her kindred and her home; the burning of the Convent, exposing its inmates to the rigors of a Canadian winter; in a word, leaving the first circles of France for the uncultivated wilds of Canada. As a specimen of the style of the work, we subjoin the following extract, which gives a vivid description of the earthquake of 1663 at Quebec:

"The first alarm of this terrible event was caused by a low rumbling, penetrating the hearts of that of carriages rolling over the pavement; then the terrified people saw the houses waving backward and forward, like tempest-tossed barks upon a rough sea. After this the bells began to ring, the clocks to strike, and an awful noise was heard on the roofs of the houses, similar to that which is caused by hailstones during a hurricane. Then the extreme agitation of the buildings made the partitions split and the walls crack, where the furniture rolled about in every direction. The first impression produced by this extraordinary disorder in nature, was truly wonderful. The people, in danger of being crushed to death by the repeated shock, rushed out of their houses as if they had been on fire, and as the disorder without was still greater than within, they fled from one place to another, in the mad confusion, where the cattle and wild beasts of the surrounding country, as well as the domestic animals in the city, were howling in the most pitiful manner, and the streets were frequently repeated, these whole night offered a scene never to be forgotten, and never unequalled in the annals of the colony. The ground, though covered with snow and ice to the depth of five and six feet, burst open in a great number of places, and the ice was driven up into the air, thick clouds of smoke and sulphur issued from these apertures. The earth thus continued to quake violently, at intervals, during that whole night, between the hours of five and six in the evening and three in the morning, thirty-two shocks had been felt throughout the extent of this immense country, from the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the borders of the great Lakes!"

THE OLD PLANTATION, AND WHAT I GATHERED THERE IN AN AUTUMN MONTH. By George Washington Peck. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A well written and pleasing story of Southern life, giving a favorable idea of the condition of slaves on a Maryland plantation.

Revolution in Hayti—The Empire Overthrown and the Republic Re-established.

The last news from the Island of Hayti is the most important that has been announced since the period when she established her independence. Our readers are acquainted with the *coup d'état* which was made some years ago by the deposed Emperor, and the complete change which was effected in the whole character of the Government. Souloque, or Faustin the First, as he styled himself, had, it appears, rendered his Government exceedingly odious to his subjects, and his actions, it is said, were well armed, and a large proportion of whom had deserted from the army of the Emperor. In fact the whole military force of the Island is now under the successful Republican General.

When the news of the breaking out of the state of open rebellion in the north of the Island, and such was its progress and strength that in less than a week the revolutionists were sufficiently powerful to meet the Emperor. The revolutionists, under the command of General Gaffard, a mulatto about fifty years old, who, according to report, is a great favorite with the people, numbered about two thousand men, all of whom, it is said, were well armed, and a large proportion of whom had deserted from the army of the Emperor. In fact the whole military force of the Island is now under the successful Republican General.

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Souloque had drawn up, his abdication in regular form and afterwards took passage on board the British steamer Melbourne for Kingston, Jamaica. The following day, January 15, General Gaffard entered upon the duties of his office as President of the Republic amid the general rejoicing of the people. We have said that it was the tyranny and exactions of the people that roused the opposition of his people, and that they were ready to accept any means of deliverance from his will. When therefore on the 22d of December, 1858, General Gaffard, the Emperor of revolution, he was joined by a large body of the people. He was one of the officers of the Emperors staff and was greatly feared by Souloque on account of his popularity. When he made good his escape from Port au Prince and landed near Gonaives in a salt boat, he was accompanied by his son, General Estienne, and a Frenchman, but they were soon after joined by some few friends. The whole party rode into the town of Gonaives with pistols in their hands crying out as they passed through the streets "long live the Republic," etc. The Governor of the town at first hesitated, but finally to prevent bloodshed joined the cause. All the prisoners in the Island and helped to swell the ranks of the revolutionists who were now in possession of the town, the submission of which was followed by that of St. Marc, Cape Hayti, Plaisance, Port de Paix, Limbe, St. Michael and other places. The following proclamation was issued on the day after his entrance into Gonaives:

LIBERTY. REPUBLIC OF HAYTI. EQUALITY. ACT OF FORFEITURE.

In the name of the Nation—The Departmental Committee, sitting at Gonaives considering that General Souloque had abused the power which had been conferred upon him—shedding innocent blood profusely—

Considering that the whole of his administration is nothing else but a series of depredations, under which the honest citizens have fallen victims, especially the Ministers C. Ardonin, David Proy and Jean Baptiste Francisque, of honorable reputation—

Considering that General Souloque has perjured the national faith in upsetting the institutions by which he was invested with the authority, is in consequence deprived of his privileges, for having—

1. Filled the prisons with citizens, without conviction.
2. Embezzled all the funds in the general treasury.
3. Embezzled the produce of the fifth part on coffee.

4. Embezzled the produce on the sale of mahogany taken from the public lands.
5. Ordered the secret issuing of treasury bills to his own profit.

6. Organized a high-handed plunder upon the bodies of the marine, misdeeds which have compromised the honor of several Haytiens and of many strangers, in preventing them from answering to their engagements.

It is in all of which we seek that an action be submitted to the high Court of Justice.

Done at Gonaives this 23d December, 1858, the 25th of the National Independence.
N. SAMBOUR, J. LAMOTHE, MENDOZA, ZAMOR (pere), E. MAGNY.

The last news is to the effect that Souloque had arrived safe at Kingston.

Catholic Institutions of our Metropolis.

The Institution of the Order of Mercy, Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets.

In the last number of *THE RECORD* we promised to take our readers with us into the Institution of the Order of Mercy, to explain the principles on which it is conducted, its domestic economy, its every-day life, and to enter into a more detailed account of the great objects for the accomplishment of which it was established. We have already said that the first building occupied by the Community was in West Washington Place, and that in two years after their arrival in this city they were enabled to take the much larger and more suitable edifice on the corner of Houston and Mulberry streets, where they now are. There are in reality two buildings occupied by the Sisters, that which stands on the corner of the streets named being the Convent, while the other is, properly speaking, the Institution into which the poor, who are dependent upon its kind offices or its charity, are received. It is with this last, as that in which the public are more interested, we have to do; and after a passing glance at the general features of the first, we shall enter at length into the general management and government of that particular part of the Institution. And first, we shall begin by stating that the Community of the Sisters of Mercy consists of about thirty members under the charge of Mother Mary Agnes, the Superior of the Order. The Convent is supported from a general fund, which is formed from the private fortunes of its members, or the property which each Sister brings with her on entering the Order. It is, therefore, distinct, as will be at once seen, in this respect, from the Institution which is supported by the charities of the public, by individual donations, by the work done by its inmates or by bequests. But while it is distinct in this particular, the time and services of each particular member are made to contribute to the great objects for which the whole Order was called into being—the dispensing of charities among the poor, the instruction of the ignorant, the protection of the distressed; in a word, to perform those great Christian duties which the Catholic Church has distinguished as the spiritual works of mercy, and which are enumerated as follows: To counsel the doubtful, to instruct the ignorant, to admonish sinners, to comfort the afflicted, to forgive injuries, to bear wrongs patiently, to pray for the living and the dead. It is to the performance of these noble works that the Sisters of Mercy have devoted themselves; and when we say that they do this without expectation of reward, save that which comes from a higher than human power and authority, we are but stating a fact which all Catholics know, and which the generous and fair-minded of other denominations candidly and freely acknowledge. But we have not yet introduced our readers into the Institution, nor even given them a glance at the exterior of the building itself.

The edifice is a plain and unpretending structure, five stories high, including the basement, and is entered from Houston street by two doors, one of which is the entrance to the Convent, and the other to the Institution. We shall ring at the door of the Convent, which is that at which all visitors in quest of domestics or desiring to have work done in the house present themselves. The summons of the bell is at once answered, for one of the good Sisters acts as portress, and is always seated behind the door ready to receive your message, and have it transmitted as soon as possible to the Mother Superior or the Sister who may be in charge of the house during her absence. If you are any way observant you will see that the portress has been engaged in some work—it may be knitting or sewing—and that she has just laid it aside till she has attended to your demands. When that part of her duty is performed she resumes her work and continues it till she is again interrupted by another call. In this manner she passes the day constantly employed, for the rules of the Order permit none of its members to loiter away that time which it regards as so valuable, and the employment of which in useful labor or in deeds of mercy is so strictly enjoined. While you have noticed this, there is something else which must have impressed you most strongly, although it may have been, for the time being, unconsciously. It is that air

of repose and calmness that marks the whole place and that presents such a strange and pleasing contrast with the scene you have just left—with the din and the turmoil and the busy, headlong life of the great metropolis. The faces you see have none of that expression which is given to them in the daily combat of man with the world, its anxieties, its cares and its uncertainties. True, you will not fail to see in the countenances of some of its inmates the sad but natural effects of the severe and oftentimes unhealthy work which they have to perform, and which, in the comparatively brief period of ten years, has carried off six members of the Community. Though physical suffering has left its trace on some, it has not, however, taken away that look of contentment and cheerfulness which is habitual to the inmates of the Convent. But we are now fairly inside of the reception parlor connected with the institution, a neat, unpretending apartment, where we take a seat till the Mother Superior makes her appearance. We then make known our desire to see the house, and to learn the particulars of the system on which it is conducted. Our request is at once complied with, and before taking us through the Convent and Institution, we are made acquainted, in a general way, with the character and the objects of the latter, and with the manner in which it is supported. The funds of the Convent, as we have said, are for the support of the Community of Sisters, while the Institution is maintained by the contributions of the charitable of all denominations, and the work performed by the inmates who seek its protection, and for whom it is a home until such time as the Institution can obtain employment for them. It is supported, as we have said, by all denominations, and while on this subject we may say that the Sisters speak in the warmest terms of the generosity and benevolence of the members of other religions, as well as of those of the Catholic Church. To them, no less than to the Catholic portion of the community, are they indebted for the means whereby they have been enabled to do so much good to the suffering and the afflicted. It is peculiarly gratifying for us to state this fact, knowing, as we do, that it will be no less pleasing to the good Sisters themselves to be enabled to make this public acknowledgment of the substantial aid which they have received from all. Let us also say that as there is no exclusiveness about the manner in which the means for the support of the institution are contributed, so neither is there in the way in which they are dispensed, for in the fulfillment of the sacred mission and duties of charity, the Order of Mercy makes no distinction of creed, country or condition. To them all are alike—they only see in each the likeness of that Creator in whose image they are made, and when kneeling by the sick bed, or when visiting the prisoner, when comforting the afflicted or when affording a shelter and protection to the homeless, the question of religious belief never checks the outstretched hand of charity, or diminishes the gift which it was ready to bestow. Protestant as well as Catholic is received into the Institution, and while religious instruction is given to the latter, the former may or may not attend—that is a matter of option with which the Sisters do not interfere.

We have said that the fund of the Institution is formed of contributions from persons of all denominations, but we should state that within the last two years there has been a great falling-off in its revenues from this source—a falling-off which is partly attributable to the recent financial revulsion, and to other causes which it is not necessary to state here. The deficiency has, however, been made up by a yearly contribution in the churches throughout the city.

Domestic situations are procured for the young women who have sought the assistance and protection of the Institution, and such has been its success in this particular line that between ten and eleven thousand have been provided for in this way since it was established. This, of course, is independent of the out-door duties of the order, and of the good that is effected in their performance. Of the work done in the Institution, and of its services rendered to the poor and friendless by its in-door and out-door charities, we shall have more to say hereafter.

At the time of our visit there were one hundred and five females in the house, and of these fifteen or sixteen were under fourteen years of age, while the rest varied from four-

teen to thirty and forty. All who apply for admission are required to bring a certificate of good moral character from the person with whom they last lived, or any respectable and responsible party. If they are in want of clothing, they are supplied with whatever is necessary to keep them warm and comfortable—not a uniform, as in some institutions, but clothing of various descriptions, so that the poor are not constantly reminded by their dress that they are objects of charity. If sick they are taken care of; if their disease is contagious they are removed to the hospital, and when they die the expense of their burial is defrayed by the institution.

We shall now go through the Convent with the Mother Superior and the Mother Assistant, by whom she is accompanied, and to whom we are also indebted for much of the information presented in this article. The first apartment we enter after leaving that in which we have just been is the large reception parlor on the left hall, where the Sisters receive their relatives and friends. At the rear of this room is the Novitiate, or that part of the Convent in which the novices are trained, and in which they perform the duties appropriate to their position in the Community. In the main apartment—for there are two apartments in the Novitiate—is a representation, in some kind of composition, of the Scourging of our Saviour, which, as a work of art, is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. Suspended from the walls, and enclosed in small picture frames, are the general directions of the Convent, all of which have been inscribed in illuminated characters by one of the Sisters who has a remarkable talent for this particular accomplishment.

The next floor is divided into a Community Room, an infirmary and other apartments, consisting mainly of sitting-rooms. In the Community Room is kept the Registry of Professions, which is the great book of the Convent, and which contains the record of all who have entered the Order. Each profession is entered therein with the date, the name of the Sister and the name she assumed on taking the veil, the whole inscribed in most exquisitely illuminated characters, and each record different in style from all the rest. At the end of six of these entries is the registry of the deaths that have taken place in the Community. It is a sad memorial, but it is one which, in the silent lesson it teaches of a life well spent, is full of meaning to those who still remain, and in the true spirit of devotion and self-abnegation are happy and satisfied in the good they do, and who, in the performance of the duties they have assumed, look not for the praise of men. The next apartment on the second floor is the infirmary in which the sick Sisters are placed, but which we are glad to say, was not occupied at the time of our visit. A small door at one end of it opens into the gallery of the beautiful little gothic chapel which has been erected at the rear of the Convent, and to a description of which we intend in our next number to devote a paragraph. We may state here, however, that in style it is the purest Gothic. By its proximity to the Infirmary the sick Sisters are enabled to participate in the religious exercises which take place at stated hours every day. On the corridor, which is on the same floor with the Infirmary, is a clock which chimes every quarter hour, and which, immediately before the hour strikes, chimes four times.

The third floor is divided into small rooms or cells, in the centre of which is a small oratory of the Blessed Virgin. Outside of this oratory and around it is the Way of the Cross, so called, from the engravings which are suspended on the wall, and which represent the different scenes in the passion, the crucifixion and death of our Saviour. The Catholic knows these representations, of which there are fourteen, by the title of "the Stations." Those of our readers who are not members of the Catholic religion, will doubtless be surprised to hear of cells away up in the third story, as the popular understanding of the word is that they are a sort of prison, dark and damp, whose hard stone walls and iron-barred windows shut out all hope of escape. They will, however, be agreeably disappointed to learn that they are nothing more nor less than small bedrooms; and, although the style of furniture would hardly suit one of our modern built houses, it is sufficient for the wants of their occupants. They are anything but luxurious bedrooms, and the furniture consists of what Summites prepared for the

Prophet—a table, a bed, and a chair. The only addition which has been made is a copy of the vows taken by the Sister when professed, a crucifix and a holy water font, none of which, however, can correctly be included in the list as an article of furniture. The fourth floor, or attic, is divided into cells or sleeping apartments, which are for the lay Sisters, and which are marked by the same simplicity and neatness as those we have already described. Above the fourth floor is the cupola, or the observatory, as some would call it. It is filled with geraniums and choice plants, and affords an extensive view of the city and its environs.

And here we must stop for the present promising to return to the subject again, and to conclude it, if possible, in the next number of *THE RECORD*.

HOW TO IMPART ODOR TO FLOWERS.—Every day man is extending his empire over external nature. Flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding in forms and colors so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them for his own. He has now gone a step further; he has acquired the art of imparting odor to the most scentless—thus constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight. A florist of Africa, as we are informed by *The Emporio Italiano*, has made completely successful experiments of this kind in heaping over the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and thus producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of a decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odor of the rose. "To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance, should be acted upon. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that may be preferred, and then thoroughly dry them in the shade, and shortly after sow them. This operation is to give scent to those plants which have none whatever. But if it is required to substitute one scent for another natural to the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence; and besides preparing the seed, it will be well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume it will be necessary to repeat the moistening with the odorous substance several days during the Spring season, for two or three consecutive years. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturist to any plants or trees, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole."

AUSTRALIAN STATISTICS.—According to Bradshaw's Monthly Guide to Victoria (Australia) for October, the following is the description of the sixty members who form the Legislative Assembly of that colony, viz.:—twenty gentlemen, ten merchants, five barristers, four solicitors, three squatters, two auctioneers, two surveyors, two physicians, two farmers, one editor, one wine merchant, one attorney-general, one president of the board of work, one postmaster-general, one treasurer, one solicitor-general, one chief secretary, one newspaper proprietor, and one music seller. The speaker is described as a gentleman, and the chairman of committees as a barrister. There are 211 post towns in Victoria, the most distant is 234 miles from Melbourne. The names of five of these are Lucknow, Raglan, St. Arnaud, Sale, and Murchison. According to the Guide the population of Victoria is 469,637; of New South Wales, 300,000; of South Australia, 103,000; of Tasmania, 70,000; of New Zealand, 130,000; the total of which is 1,042,637. The Chinese population in Victoria number about 35,000.

IMPERIAL JUSTICE.—A St. Petersburg letter says: "The Emperor Alexander has recently shown his love of justice by severely punishing the Count Cy, a great landed proprietor, for cruelly ill-treating a Prussian upholsterer and his men, whom he placed in confinement, and refused either to let go or pay them for their work. By the Emperor's sentence the Count is deprived of his rank and decorations, declared incapable of holding any public office, and further condemned to pay a fine of several thousand roubles."

It would often be better not to attempt to reward a brave action than to reward it ill. A soldier had his two hands carried-off at the wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. "It was not my gloves, but my hands that I lost, colonel," said the poor soldier reproachfully.

HORSES TAMED BY WHISPERING.

The Irish people have been noted for the art of *whispering* to horses; or, in plainer terms, of subduing restive horses by a whisper. Mr. Lover has made Sullivan, called the Whisperer, the hero of one of his graphic stories, and admits, if we remember rightly, that the fact of horses having been so tamed is unquestionable, though at the same time inexplicable. "In one of our rambles," says the author of the work before us, "we approached a French gentleman's chateau near Rosperdon, who sent one of his servants to request we would honor him by partaking of some refreshment under his roof. We instantly complied with the mandate, and were most kindly received by the proprietor, Monsieur de G——. He was very proud of his campaign, showed us round his grounds, and pointed out some improvements he was about to make. Having learned that Captain P. was an old dragoon, our host conducted us to the stables, where the stud were paraded for our inspection. One of the horses which was led out had been purchased a few days before, and was certainly a very likely looking animal. He had but one fault, rather an unpleasant one certainly—*no body could ride him*; and but half an hour before our unexpected appearance at the chateau, Monsieur de G—— had determined upon sending the restive brute down to the village Vulcan, who, in addition to his vocation of blacksmith, was what is termed in Brittany a *soyeur*, and who possessed a kind of charm in the way of *whispering* to horses. This gift has been attributed to the Irish as well as the French, but I believe the faculty is not confined to Ireland and France, but is common in various forms to many other countries. Every one has heard of the Laplander's habit of *whispering* in the ears of his reindeer; and in various parts of Brittany several of these whisperers are to be met with, whose success is invariable and infallible. I can here speak from experience, and had an opportunity of seeing the skill of the *soyeur* put to the proof. Capt. P——, after an hour's fruitless endeavor to conquer the vicious spirit of the animal, resigned him to Monsieur de G—— and his groom. "There is no help for it," exclaimed the master, "we must take him to the sorcerer." Upon our expressing a wish to see the miracle wrought, Monsieur de G—— politely offered to accompany us to the village, in order that we might be convinced of the *soyeur's* power. The stable-boy led the refractory animal, and we followed on foot, determined to witness the extraordinary exhibition. On arriving at the village Monsieur de G—— ordered the groom to stop, when, to our astonishment, he mounted the horse, which was still saddled, and said to us, "You shall see." The animal allowed his master to fix himself firmly in the saddle, but the moment Monsieur de G—— attempted to urge him forward, every muscle of the horse's frame appeared to be agitated with rage—he reared, kicked and plunged—in short, left no means untried to shake his rider from his back. Monsieur de G——, who was an excellent horseman, kept his seat, but he soon found that his situation was none of the pleasantest, and attempted to dismount; but this restive brute would not allow, for he reared more tremendously than before, and evinced a strong disposition to throw himself over his *cavalier*.

Just at this moment, a short, thick-set, little man, attracted by the noise, came down from a blacksmith's shop, towards which we had been directing our steps, and approaching the spot, acted the part of spectator for a few seconds, merely exclaiming, "The rascal." At length the groom, impatient at his apparent apathy, cried, "Whisper quickly, then Francois; he will fall, I tell you." "Does the monsieur wish it?" demanded the *soyeur*, for such he was. "To be sure he does," said the groom. As soon as he had pronounced these words, the *soyeur* watched his opportunity and threw his arms around the horse's neck, who, not accustomed to such embraces, reared more violently than before, raising the little man off the ground with him; but he kept his hold, not at all embarrassed, and contrived, even in that awkward situation, to fix his mouth on the orifice of the animal's ear. What he did, or what he said, I know not. It is impossible to imagine that the mere breathing in the animal's ear could have any effect, but his hands were occupied in holding tightly round the neck of the horse, and the only thing I could observe, was the firm pressure of the mouth on the ear. Be this as it may, in a moment the horse became less restive,

stood still, shivered a little as from cold, and from that moment *his spirit was gone*. Strange as this must appear, it is a fact; but how, and by what means the miracle was wrought, must be left for wiser heads than mine to determine. It is, nevertheless, unquestionably true that the horse became perfectly docile. I rode him frequently after he had passed through the enchanter's hands, and a more tractable quadruped I never wish to bestride."

THE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS OF CHINA.—Not only in their ordinary form, or acted upon by the culinary art, are the mosses employed as food; but one of the most admired luxuries of the table in China is the edible birds' nests formed from them. A small swallow, called, from his peculiar instinct in building this sort of habitation, *hirundo esculenta*, makes his nest from several of these species, and amongst others, it is said, from the Ceylon moss, in the highest and most inaccessible rocks, in deep, damp caves. Craufurd tells us that none but those accustomed from childhood to the dangers it offers, can pursue the occupation of collecting these nests; for they are only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must be performed by torch-light, by penetrating into the recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would instantly be fatal to the adventurers, who can see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rocks. The high price given for these delicacies is, however, a sufficient inducement for the gatherers to follow "this dreadful trade." The nests are formed of a mucilaginous substance; they resemble ill-cooked fibrous isinglass, and are described as of a white color, inclining to red; their thickness little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled, the size nearly that of a goose's egg. The qualities of the nest vary according to the situation and extent of the caves in which they are found, and the time at which they are taken; if procured before the eggs have been laid, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but if the young are in the nest, or have just left it, they are nearly worthless, being dark colored, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt. After they are procured, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for market. The best sort are sent to Peking, for the use of the Emperor. The labor bestowed to render them fit for the table is enormous; every feather, every stick, or impurity of any kind, is carefully removed, and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, they are made into a soft delicious jelly; they are likewise served up in broths and soups; they have the reputation of being nutritious, and gently stimulating. The extravagant prices given for these nests by the Chinese render them a most expensive article of diet. The sale has become a monopoly of the government in whose dominions they are found. Meyen, in his Voyage Round the World, states that the Japanese had long ago discovered that these costly birds' nests are nothing more than softened seaweed, and that they now prepare the substance itself in an artistic-like manner.

SAGACITY OF RATS.—The sagacity and foresight of rats is very extraordinary, and the following anecdote, wonderful as it may appear, may be relied upon. An open box, containing some bottles of Florence oil, was placed in a store-room which was seldom visited. On going to the room for one of the bottles, it was perceived that the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and that a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, some of the bottles were filled with oil, and the mouths of them secured as before. The next morning the coverings of the bottles had again been removed, and part of the oil was gone. On watching the room through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box, insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, lick off the oil which adhered to them. I would not give this anecdote were I not convinced of its accuracy.

Whilst I am on the subject of the kind disposition which animals show to each other, I will mention an anecdote which was recently communicated to me of the old English, or black rat. This animal has become very scarce in this country. Unlike the Norway rat, which is fierce, and lives in little harmony even with its own species, our original animals appear to have been social in their habits, and to have shown kindness and friendship to each other. The fact referred to was communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Ferryman, a clergyman in Sussex, and an accurate observer of nature. He informed me that some fifty years ago, when the old English rat was numerous, he resided at Quorn, in Leicestershire. Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which, it is known, they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. Mr. Ferryman also communicated to me the following anecdote of a rat, which I am in justice to him bound to admit he did not *implicitly* believe himself, neither are my readers required to do so; I merely give the story as I heard it. He said that he had an old friend, a clergyman of retired and studious habits. This gentleman, when setting in his room one day, saw an English rat come out of a hole at the bottom of the wainscot; he threw it a piece of bread, and in process of time he so familiarized the animal, that he became perfectly tame, ran about him, was his constant companion, and appeared much attached to him. He was in the habit of reading in bed at night, and was on one occasion awake by feeling a sharp bite on his cheek; on looking round, he discovered the curtains of his bed to be on fire. He made his escape, but his house was burnt down, and he saw no more of his rat. He was, however, convinced, and remained so for the rest of his life, that his old companion had saved him from being burnt to death by biting his cheek, and thus making him aware of his danger. The reader may put what faith he pleases on the supposition of the good clergyman. He himself was always indignant if any one doubted it, and certainly the marks of teeth were visible on his cheek.

That rats are endowed with an extraordinary degree of ingenuity and cunning, there are numerous well attested facts to prove. The following is one of them. A ship on her voyage was not only much infested with rats, but proved so unfit for sea that her stores were directed to be made over to another vessel. In doing this, the greatest care was taken that the rats should not gain access to the other ship; and, in order to prevent it, the two vessels were anchored at some distance from each other, and the stores were removed in boats. When the crew were about to quit the vessel, the whole body of rats were seen to make their way down its sides into the sea, and to swim to the ship in which the stores had been deposited; this they would have penetrated, had not the vigilance of the crew prevented them. The vessel got under way, and the rats were left to their fate.

INFLUENCE OF COLD ON LONGEVITY.—Cold climates appear to be favorable to longevity. In Norway, of 6,927 who were buried in 1761, 63 had lived to the age of 100; and in Russia, out of 726,270 who died in 1801; 218 were 100 years of age, and 220 above it, of whom four are said to have been above 130 years old. In the Diocese of Aggherus, in Norway, there existed, in the year 1765, 165 couples who had lived together upwards of 80 years. Excessive cold, however, is prejudicial to long life: in Iceland and Siberia men attain at the utmost to the ages only of 60 or 70. Temperate climates are, however, more conducive to health and long life. There the human frame is more complete, the body more vigorous, the mind best formed, the passions best regulated and man in every respect reaches, when well governed, the highest degree of perfection. The districts of Arcadia, *Ætolia*, and other parts of Greece, were celebrated for longevity. More old men are to be found in mountainous and elevated situations than in plains and low countries.

LOCAL MATTERS.

THE STREET MUSICIANS OF NEW YORK.—People may talk as much as they like about the pleasures of the opera and the concert room, but after all there is considerable stupidity in both, and when the music is particularly scientific, it becomes particularly dull and heavy to those who have only an ear for melody. Now, whether pleasant or stupid, the poor have not the means to permit of their indulging themselves by visiting either place, and so they would know nothing of the music if it were not for that class of itinerant musicians known by the popular title of organ grinders. The organ-grinders give to that portion of the public who have never been in a concert room a tolerably fair idea of what the great composers have done in their line for the harmony of the world, and occasionally they do something more, for with the music they present the additional attraction of a terpsichorean performance, which, if not so graceful as could be desired, is decidedly amusing, especially to the more juvenile spectators.

There is a considerable variety of street organs, from the hurdy-gurdy to the last improvement on the flutina, and the dancing part of the performance is not unfrequently diversified by the accompaniment of a tamborine or the introduction of a song. To speak more seriously on the subject, however, let us say that the organ grinders have grown to be one of the greatest institutions of the metropolis, and that they already form a body of at least one hundred and fifty, including the women and the children, by whom they are occasionally accompanied. They are not generally the owners of the organs, but rather procure the loan of them by the payment of a certain part of their receipts or a fixed sum, as the case may be. There is one establishment, if it can be dignified by the title, in Baxter street, where a large number are made, and it is as remarkable a place in its way as Master Humphrey's Curiosity Shop. "The Manufactory" is in the second story of one of the most broken down, dilapidated and ruinous looking buildings in that locality, and is certainly the last from which a passer-by would ever expect sweet sounds to issue. Yet so it is; and the Baxter street organ manufactory is said to supply some of the most melodious in the city.

The organ grinders make from two to six, and sometimes eight dollars a week, but it is very seldom that their receipts are so large. They are said to be an economical class of men, and that not a few have retired from the business with sufficient to enable them to enter some other occupation more lucrative, and somewhat higher in the scale of respectability. The business here is wholly monopolized by Italians, as it is in almost all the great cities of the Old World. In London, we believe, and the children, by whom they are almost exclusively followed (these itinerant musicians, and we presume that in course of time it will be so in New York. They are patient, quiet and persevering, and if they do not succeed in touching your feelings on the first application, they return again and again to your domicile, until you are forced to give them something. They are not, however, quite so persistent as the far-famed "Wandering Minstrel," who knew "the value of peace and quietness" so well that he "never would move on under a shilling." Their music is also of a very different kind, for the simple reason that instead of being composed by, it is composed for them. It consists mostly of selections from Bellini, Rossini, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, and, in fact, from all the great composers. Rossini it was, we think, who said he was not certain of the success of any of his compositions till he heard portions of them played on the street organs, which was always a sure indication of their popularity. The man must indeed have very little soul for anything, who can listen unmoved to the exquisite music which is sometimes evoked from those square boxes.

A bright suggestion has been made in regard to these same organ-grinders, which if carried out would make considerable of a sensation in this sensation and excitement-loving city. We have had said the gentleman from whom it comes, all kinds of concerts, but there is one which would surpass them all. In short, he proposes that some of the orchestra leaders of the city should assemble all the organ-grinders in New York, and, arranging them in line, march them through the principal thoroughfares, each man playing a different air; and that after this a grand performance should be given by the same musicians at the Academy of Music. This, he adds, besides the sensation it would create, would be the greatest organization ever got up in the metropolis. Are there any enterprising enough to take advantage of the suggestion?

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—From the report of the City Inspector for the week ending February 12, it appears that the number of deaths in the metropolis was 445, which shows an increase of 22 compared with the mortality of the preceding week. Of the whole number 80 were caused by consumption, while the deaths from diseases of the lungs are put down at 161, which is something more than one-third of the total mortality. As usual the deaths among children are more than one-half, according to the report,

from which it appears that of those who died not less than 235 were under five years of age. There were 2 cases of suicide, 2 of murder, 19 of violent causes, while there were of still-born 37, and of premature births 6. From a comparison of the mortality of the last week with the corresponding week in 1885, we find that there has actually been a decrease of 2 in favor of the former, so that if we consider the increase which must have taken place in the population, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the improved sanitary condition of the metropolis with a comparison between the two periods would seem to indicate.

FESTIVAL OF A CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The fifteenth annual festival of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, will take place at the Chinese Assembly Rooms on the evening of the 23d inst. This is one of the most deserving charities in the city, and in proportion to the means at its disposal it has effected a great deal of good. The proceeds are to be distributed among the poor—a fact which we trust will secure a large attendance and increase the receipts of the Society. As a proof of what it is doing for the poor, we need only state that during the past year the Ladies distributed 348 garments, 385 pairs of shoes and \$205.25, besides \$100 which they gave to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The ladies, through whose exertions all this has been done, should be encouraged to still further effort by a more numerous attendance than they have had at any previous festival, and, if possible, by such an increase in the receipts as will enable them to relieve all that may apply to them for assistance during the present year.

THE ST. LAURENCE BENEVOLENT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF YORKVILLE.—This society was established on the 25th of July, 1858, and commenced with about twenty members. This was a very small beginning, but it gradually increased during the year, and it has now reached the respectable number of one hundred and seventy. There have been, all, seventeen regular meetings of the Association, which, from being held once a week, have been changed to monthly meetings. The form of pledge taken by the members is the total abstinence—similar to that which was administered by Father Mathew. The seventh article of the constitution contains a provision granting to members and their families certain pecuniary benefits in case of sickness or want, but as yet there have fortunately been no demands in this way upon the benevolence of the Society, which is now in a prosperous condition. Much good has already been effected through its instrumentality.

ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH.—This edifice, which, in the beauty of its internal decorations is not surpassed by any Church in the city, is being still further embellished. Mr. Butler, late of Pugin's establishment in London, is at present engaged in painting the interior in the Medieval or illuminated style, which is very rich and beautiful in its ornamentation.

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—An election for Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, made vacant by Lieut. Col. Butler's resignation, will take place on Friday evening, 25th inst., at the City Arsenal, corner of Elm and White streets, and there will also be held at the same time and place a meeting of officers of all military companies favorable to a public parade on the 17th March next.

GALWAY STEAMERS.—The *Citizenship* was so badly damaged, in her late passage across the Atlantic, in her spars and machinery as to require extensive repairs, which are now being made. The *Prince Albert* will be the next ship from this port to Galway. She leaves on the 3d of March next.

THE INDIAN MUTINIES.—The following (says *The Friend of India*) is the official list of persons punished for offences against the State during the mutinies:

	By Military	By Civil
Sentenced to Death	86	180
Hanged	60	800
Shot	180	170
Sentenced to imprisonment	245	1239
Placed	1501	1501
Fined	272	272
Total number punished	660	4669

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A LECTURE will be delivered at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on SUNDAY EVENING, Feb. 27th, 1886, at 8 o'clock, by Very Rev. J. DONOVAN, D. D. Subject:—The Exalted Divinity of Christ; and the practical illustration by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The mails for California and South Pacific Coast, per U. S. steamer *CALIFORNIA*, will close at this office on MONDAY, the 21st day of February, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC W. FOWLER, Postmaster.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The mails for Europe (Liverpool, per steamer *VIRGO*), will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 19th day of February, at 10 o'clock A. M. ISAAC W. FOWLER, Postmaster.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral will hold their fifteenth annual festival at the Chinese Rooms, 589 Broadway, on WEDNESDAY, February 23, at seven o'clock P. M. Tickets may be had at the Catholic book stores, and at the door on the evening of the festival. The Ladies of this society trust that there will be a large attendance, as the proceeds are to be distributed among the poor of each district, which is represented by one or more of the ladies.

During the last year they have distributed 648 garments, 885 pairs of shoes, and \$306.25. Cash to St. Vincent Society, \$100.

AID FOR THE MAGDALEN ASYLUM.—The Young Friends of Ireland will give a Grand Soiree at Noble's Saloon on St. Patrick's Night, (THURSDAY, March 17, 1886), the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum. Owing to the necessities of the institution and the great object it has in view, and believing that our National Anniversary could not be commemorated in a more appropriate manner than in aiding an institution which has for its object such noble aims, we therefore call on all the patriotic, the charitable and the humane to assist by their presence on this occasion this most worthy object. Tickets \$2, for sale at all the Catholic Bookstores. DENNIS MCCARTIE, President.

EDWARD MILLER, Secretary.

CATHOLIC SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES at MOZART HALL, No. 683 Broadway, opposite Bond street, EVERY SUNDAY EVENING, beginning with the first Sunday in February, and ending a first Sunday in March.

SUBJECTS:

- Sunday Evening, February 6, CHRISTIAN ROME THE PATRONESSE OF KNOWLEDGE. By Dr. L. Silliman Ives.
- Sunday Evening, February 13, SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE, OR THE SAINTLY ROYALTY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Dr. J. Vincent Huntington.
- Sunday Evening, February 20, THE MONASTIC INSTITUTION IN ITS RELATIONS TO SOCIETY. By Dr. L. Silliman Ives.
- Sunday Evening February 27, THE GREAT MODERN CONTRAST, OR THE IDOLATRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Dr. J. Vincent Huntington.
- Sunday Evening, March 6, By the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh. Tickets for the Course of Five Lectures, \$1. Single Tickets, 25 cents.

Tickets may be had of the Sextons of the Catholic Churches, and at all the Catholic Bookstores.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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Description and Prices forwarded by mail. 35 ftm

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COPARTNERSHIP.—THE UNDER- signed have this day formed a copartnership for the purpose of conducting the PRINTING, PUBLISHING, BOOKSELLING and STATIONERY BUSINESS, under the firm of KELLY, HEDIAN & PIET, at the building, No. 174 Baltimore street, between St. Paul and Calvert streets, which will be in preparation for their business and will be ready on the 1st of March. They will be found for the present at the store No. 83 Baltimore street, near Broadway, where they are supplied by J. P. Hedian—Baltimore, Feb. 1, 1886.
M. J. KELLY,
P. J. HEDIAN,
JOHN B. PIET.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

JESSUP COLE & POSTLEY, COLUMBIAN, ALEXANDER AND MALT HOUSE, Nos. 294, 296, 298, 300, 302 and 304 West Twenty-third street, New York. Store—No. 827 Greenwich street, one door north of Duane street. Sole and Amber Ale, Porter, Burton Ale and Brown Stout for shipping, bottling and city use, constantly on hand.

JOHN MCLOUGHLIN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TEAS, COFFEES, WINES AND GROCERIES.
PURE WINE OF THE IRISH WHISKY.

FOR ALTAR PURPOSES
No. 44 Fulton street, New York.

G. H. MUMM & CO., REIMS, Give notice that all their Wines, for the future, will be packed in cases, and marked as under:
VERZENAY..... G. H. MUMM & CO.
DIJY VERZENAY..... G. H. MUMM & CO.
CARINET..... G. H. MUMM & CO.
IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE..... G. H. MUMM & CO.
IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE..... G. H. MUMM & CO.
ROYAL ROSE..... G. H. MUMM & CO.
CORDON ROUGE..... G. H. MUMM & CO.

They find themselves called upon to make this change to protect their customers from cheap wines bearing similar names. All corks will bear their trade mark, the EAGLE. Instead of the former mark, the ANCHOR, which has been imitated by other firms.
The labels will be, as heretofore, the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. FREDK DE HARTY.

129 ft Sole Agent for the United States and Canada.

P. M. FALLON, IMPORTER AND Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Liquors and Segars, No. 106 Cedar street, near West New York.
J29 3m

IRISH WHISKY.—POSITIVELY THE best brand in this market, and payable for pure, sold in its purity at 50 cents per sample bottle, or \$3 per gallon. Also, fine Scotch and Bourbon Whiskies, Old London Duff Brandy, and 1860 and 1865 Whiskies. Champagne, fine Port Wine bottled in Oporto by Osborn & Co.; Sherries, Malaga, Claret, &c., &c.
J29 3m H. B. KIRK, No. 30 Fulton street.

ALTAR WINE.—CONSTANTLY ON hand a general assortment of Santaria, Sherry and Madeira, &c., &c., also from the very best sources.
JOHN J. STAFF, No. 800 Broadway, near Franklin street.
J29

UNDERTAKERS



